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KRONOS, VAMPIRE HUNTER-the full film in comics

NO 20  
35p monthly  
HAMMER'S

# HORROR

HOUSE OF

THE MUMMY

SAVAGE BEES

THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN

PRIZEWINNING COMPETITION



Locked in fierce combat! The revived Kharis (Christopher Lee) and John Banning (Peter Cushing). See this issue's *History of Hammer* for more on *The Mummy* (1959).

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Volume 2, Number 8, May 1978 issue.

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# Editorial

Over the months we've received the occasional letter from die-hard Hammer fans who have noticed our comic strip adaptations each month are not exactly the same as the original movies.

We've had mail asking where the loose-ends come from (in *Ham 14's One Million Years BC* strip, the head-chopping of Mitel from *Ham 17's Vampire Circus*) and so forth.

And, if not for this very editorial we'd definitely receive more everyday parts of our treatment of *Capitae Genua*.

The answer is that we are offering an exclusive bonus to the reader. As you may be aware, a film goes through various changes before reaching the cinema (script, revisions are made at all stages, from pre-production right through to the cutting room floor). So, rather than to present the edited (scripted) version, with all its budgetary apocryphal effects limitations, we work from the original script whenever possible. This in *Ham* alone you can see the film exactly as it was meant to appear.

Now, in answer to get more queries (without I should restate the editorial *Answer Desk Post 11*, here's some information on what's coming up in future issues).

On the comic strip side, we're currently working on *The Dead Rules*

Set (by Deep Mervin, John Dalton and Pat Wright, plus *Dr. Jekyll & Sister Hyde*, Chris Wickham, Paul Henry's *Revenge of Frankenstein*, *Brink of Brink*, and *Emmy From Space* (Reptilianism)).

On writing covering up we *One FX*—a look at the growth of special effects in the screen, *Future of FX*—a series of features by Hammer's master movie-makers, *Ray Jackson* (Blackburn)—reviews of Hammer films released exactly ten years ago plus more other news, behind-the-scenes scripts and interviews then you can imagine.

In next month's issue, *Ham 21* we've a few special treats lined up. Joe on Joe is literally what it says. Christopher Lee on his career as horror film; *Shander—Damon Shiller*—our classic comic strip character not seen since *Ham 18: J-B Nasser Manner*; a *Ham* *Revenge of Frankenstein* by top artist Ben Wrightson. Karioff's *The Screeners*: plus... our biggest behind-the-scenes feature ever as we look at the script, storyboard, casting, directing, location work, making musical effects, editing and production of the new 1980 movie *7 Cities to Atlantis*.

Max on your part!

*Rob Hume*

Don Dixon (Editor)

## SPECIAL HoH



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# CAPTAIN KRONOS

Vampire Hunter

A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION

Starring  
 HORST JANSDON ..... Captain Kronos  
 JOHN CATER ..... Professor Groat  
 JOHN CARSON ..... Doctor Marcus  
 CAROLINE MUNRO ..... Ceria  
 IAN HENDRY ..... Kerro  
 SHANE BRIANT ..... Paul Durwood  
 WANDA VENTHAM ..... Lady Durwood  
 LOIS DANE ..... Sara Durwood

Directed by BRIAN CLEMENS. Screenplay by BRIAN CLEMENS. Photographed by IAN WILSON. Edited by JAMES NEEDS. Produced by ALBERT FENNEL and BRIAN CLEMENS. Released by Bruton Films. Certificate AA



Script : Steve Moore

Artwork:Steve Parkhouse

NO MORE OF ANYTHING BY NOW.



THE DEATH SHOCKS THE VILLAGERS  
EVEN THE DUFFORD FAMILY SEND  
A PRIEST.



"THIS IS GOOD OF  
YOU, PRIEST. BUT HOW IS  
YOUR MOTHER, THE  
LADY DUFFORD?"

"NO BETTER, I'M  
AFRAID. BUT SHE'LL FOLLOW  
NO JOURNEY HERE. I... NOT  
EVEN YOU, DE MARCUS."

THEN, AS THE FUNERAL ENDS

A BIG AFFAIR, ESPECIALLY  
FOR HER SISTER, ANN, BUT NOW I  
MUST GET BACK TO THE HOUSE!  
GOOD BY, DE MARCUS!



"ANN! (SHE MOVES  
WITH US, PETER. WE  
COULD DO WITH A HAND  
AND IT MIGHT TAKE YOUR  
MIND OFF THINGS."

"THANK  
YOU, ANN."

BUT WHEN DE MARCUS TOO  
LEAVES THE SCENE



"ANN? ANN,  
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?  
WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
CAN I... YOU  
SPEAK."

NOT WHEN MARCUS BRINGS THE EVIDENCED  
GUN TO HER SENSES



"P. PETER"

"PETER?  
WAS SHE WITH YOU?  
MARCUS?"

"GOOD GOD!"



"OH, NO, NO  
NOOOO..."

THAT  
NIGHT



"PETER! I WANT YOU  
TO TAKE THIS LETTER TO CAPTAIN  
ARCHER... AND STOP FOR NOTHING  
UNTIL YOU GET TO HIS CASTLE! IT'LL  
BE A HARD JOURNEY TO THE EASTER  
MOUNTAINS."

PETER HIDE FOR THREE DAYS AND  
NIGHTS AND FINALLY REACHED THE  
EASTER MOUNTAINS



NONE COULD HAVE ARRIVED FASTER  
SWIFTER THAN KEDNOS, AND SO



GA-DANG!  
GA-DANG!

KEDNOS! I HAVEN'T  
SEEN YOU SINCE THE  
WAR! IT'S GOOD!

WILD HORSES COULDN'T  
HAVE KEPT ME FROM COMING  
TO YOUR AID, OLD FRIEND!  
BUT LISTEN—THOSE BELLS!  
THAT'S NO WEDDING PEEL!

GA-DANG!  
GA-DANG!

THAT  
SOUNDS LIKE  
AN ALARM MARCHES  
TO THE CHURCH  
QUICKLY!



IMMEDIATELY LATER



IT'S KEDNOS JORDILL—  
WEDDER OF THE SUREST  
GIRL ATTACKED AT LAST!  
IT WAS...

LOOK, GHOST, THE  
BLOOD ON THE LIPS  
OUR TOMORROW HASN'T  
BEEN WASTED.

IN A CHURCH,  
KEDNOS? SURELY NO  
WARRIOR COULD...

SOME WARRIORS  
COULD! WE NEED MORE  
INFORMATION ON WHAT  
WE'RE UP AGAINST,  
THEN WE CAN DEAL  
WITH IT! GHOST KNOWS  
THE FIRST STEPS



AND GHOST DOES PROVE  
WHEN WHAT TO DO...

DEAD TOMORROW?  
YOU'RE BURYING  
DEAD TOMORROW?

PRECISELY, MY  
DEAR TOMORROW IN  
THE MIDDLE! ONLY  
A FEW MORE.



WOMAN KNOWS  
GHOSTS KNOW  
LARGEST OF ALL THE  
TWO WEDDING LIVERS  
WEDDING LIVERS IN THE  
CHURCH, THE NEXT  
DAY.

WARRIOR? I DON'T  
SEE ANYONE, MYLL  
COME ON, I'LL WALK  
YOU HOME.



GILES! I THOUGHT  
I SAW SOMEONE OVER  
THERE! SOMEONE  
REALLY OLD.



AND HAVE MY FRIEND  
SEE YOU? NO, IT'S ONLY A  
LITTLE WAY. YOU CAN  
WATCH ME UNTIL I SET  
CLEAR OF THE WOODS.

AND AFTER ALL, MOST  
COULD HAPPEN IN  
SUCH A SHORT STATION  
OF PATH!



FOR MYRA IS ONLY  
OUT OF HER LOVER'S  
SIGHT FOR A FEW  
SECONDS.



BUT THOSE FEW  
SECONDS ARE  
ENOUGH.



MYRR!



MYRR, MYRR  
MY LOVE.

JOON

SHE THOUGHT SHE SAW SOMEONE... SOMEONE OLD... BUT I WATCHED HERE ALL THE TIME. THERE WASN'T ANYONE HERE HER!

BUT HE DIED IN LAGAYO MARCOS. THERE'S AN OLD RHYME: "IF A VAMPIRE SHOULD BESTRODE CLOSE TO THE GRAVE OF A DEAD KING THE VAMPIRE'S HEART TO LIFE SHALL GIVE, AND SURELY THE DEAD SHALL LIVE!"

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, VAMPIRES... I'M A MAN OF SCIENCE, BUT

BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE!

BUT YOU MUST! THE DEAD BECAME WITNESS. OUR VAMPIRE CAME THIS WAY!

YOU KILLED THIS AREA, GHOST? GOOD. WE'LL CHECK.

NOW WE KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING. THE SOUTH END OF THE VILLAGE.

UNLESS IT CAME THROUGH THE VILLAGE.

THE DAVEN'S AT THE SOUTH OF THE VILLAGE. WE'LL START THERE TOMORROW.

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO'S INCREDIBLY OLD?

NO. FOR ONE WHO'S YOUNG... YOUNGER THAN THEY SHOULD BE! IT'S NOT ABOUT OUR VAMPIRE STEALS BUT YOUTH!

AND TALKING OF THE YOUNG... AND THE BEAUTIFUL... IN THE DOWNSIDE ANCHORAGE

HOW'S MOTHER, DICK?

JUST THE SAME, PILL. SHE WON'T SAY SHE JUST LIES THERE LIKE A DEAD THING!

AND SHE LOOKS SO OLD, PILL. SHE USED TO BE SO BEAUTIFUL. BUT THE LAST THREE YEARS HAVE AGED HER SO MUCH.

SINCE FATHER DIED, YOU MEAN. BUT SHE'S ONLY A LADYBY BY MARRIAGE. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER WON'T HAPPEN TO ME. ALL THE DOWNSIDES ARE NOTED FOR THEIR YOUTHFULNESS...

NEXT DAY FINDS PROVES ALSO NOTHING THE REASON.

SO YOU'RE GARTH MARKSTEIN. THEY SAY YOU CAME BACK FROM THE CITY A WHILE AGO LOOKING YOUNGER.

WHAT'S IT DID?

OH, WE'RE JUST INTERESTED. THAT FINE REED OF MINE...





KEONGS AND CASSY  
MERMAULE, HAVING  
EMPTIED THE TOWN,  
HAVE RETURNED TO  
THE FOREST.

"GIVE A FEW MORE  
OF THESE AND WE'LL  
HAVE EVERY PATH IN  
WILES COVERED."

"RIGHT. NO ONE  
OR ANYTHING WILL BE  
ABLE TO PASS THROUGH  
WITHOUT OUR KNOWING."

AND YET...

AND NEXT DAY FINDS KEONGS, GUST  
DELLA AND MARCUS AT POSITIONS IN  
THE FOREST, WAITING AND HIDING.

ENTERING EVERYONE AND PRESSES  
WITH SCRIPPSORS ATTENTION...

"A BELL!  
OVER THERE..."

ENTER.

"TOO LATE!  
TOO LATE AGAIN!"

"THIS TOWN'S BECOMING  
AN EPIDEMIC... LIKE A  
PLEASANT OF VAMPIRES! AND  
A PLAGUE ON THEM! THE  
BELL-TOWN NEVER FAILED  
BEFORE!"

TWO NIGHT

"YOU HATE THEM  
DON'T YOU, KEONGS?  
BUT WHY? WHY IS IT  
SUCH AN OBSESSION?"

"A VAMPIRE'S KISS!  
I WAS STRONG ENOUGH  
TO SURVIVE, BUT THAT  
WENTY I HAD TO..."

"I ONCE WENT OFF TO FIGHT  
A WAR... LEAVING MY MOTHER AND  
YOUNGER SISTER BEHIND. WHEN I  
RETURNED, MY SISTER GRIEVED  
ME WITH A ROSS."

"KISS THEM?  
OH GOD...!"

FOR THE CONCLUDING CHAPTER, TURN TO PAGE 25.

# MEDIA MACABRE

## FILM SCENE news

### Dawn of the Dead

More weird and wonderful effects printed in the mesh-covered George Romero and Dario Argento go-up. *Dawn of the Dead*. George directs from a script based on his new novel. Dario "presents" the film, being produced by Romero's partner Richard Rubenstein in association with Claudio Argento and Alfredo Cones. The publicity for the movie reads "Where there's no more room in hell... the dead will walk the earth."

### Horror Pushed Out?

The main point in all your letters seems to be the same every month: "Where have all the horror films gone?" Tamed into all scripts every last one. Fortunately a few genuine horrors are still about, or about to be made.

Then *The Lycanthrope* lives anew in America. A writer-director with the odd name of Worth Ketter III is busy with *Wolfman*, the hero of which, Colin Glenesque, is heir to the devil's curse. Sounds good-on paper. We're a little wary, though, of any project claiming to star "an international cast" headed by Earl Gwensley as the unfortunate Colin. Earl who...? Actually Earl Gwensley is also *Wolfman*'s



producer. So if he wants to chase himself as part of an international cast, we suppose he has every right to.

Then *Dracula* lives on, too. Shooting begins in—of all places—Dallas this summer on a \$3,000,000 comedy movie. Title: *Prince Dracula*.

### Schlesinger's Alive

Draphie—or more likely because of—the tawdry Mexican quickie, *Survive*, about the Andes plane crash where the survivors cannibalized their dead companions to stay alive, the other film about the subject is far from dead, after all.

This being *Alive*, once on John Schlesinger's schedule United Artists lost interest in the project following the hyped-up release of *Survive*. Now, Paramount have been talking to producer Edgar Scherick and the *Alive* film looks alive again.

### Hitler Disaster Movie

To assuage American government feelings, Peter Cushing's Munich movie, *Hitler's Son* will be known as *Return to Munich* in the Federation. On the set, they've been calling it *Hitler's*.

## First Fantasy Film Fifty

We all know that *Star Wars* is the greatest movie-splurge in the history of the cinema. Just the other year it was *Jaws*, of course. Before that, came the little battle between *The Godfather* and *The Godfather, Part II*. And it was not as long ago that *The Sound of Music* took the blow from its finally supplanting *1939's Gone With the Wind* from top spot as the biggest money-making film that ever was...

While *Gone* and dozens of the last few record-breaking box-office years have been all right, we've been wondering how the broad spectrum of fantasy films fared in such a list of all-time bests. For instance, which proved the more successful in the end? *Casablanca* or *Psycho*, *Rear Window* or *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, *The Name of the Wind* or *The Godfather, Part II*, *Planet of the Apes* or *The Birds*... and count to that, *Warworld* or *Futureworld*...

Hereby, the weekly batch of show-business facts and figures, provides all the information in their annual list of box-office champions, old and new. Films that have earned at least \$4,000,000 in distributors' rentals (as opposed to box-office receipts). We've called our list from there, adding as closely as possible to what *Mail* would regard as fantasy films—of a Gothic horror, straight and comedy, with the disaster movie thrown in for good measure. We have, though, deliberately cut out the 503 spy films—*James Bond*, even, let's not call them what we consider the *Mail* genre for us. Thus again, we only count of *Blade*'s winners are listed—also show business' hit list best answers. You may disagree with some of our inclusions, but it does help resolve a few arguments...

The dollar figures mentioned include distributors' rentals in the biggest film market, America and Canada. Double these figures and you'll have some notion of the world-wide earnings... Okay, what do you think? *AM Weekly* gave more money that *Slime*!

1. *Star Wars* (Columbia, George Lucas, 1977).....\$127,036,000
2. *Jaws* (Columbia, Steven Spielberg, 1975).....121,364,000
3. *The Godfather* (MGM, Francis Ford Coppola, 1972).....82,300,000
4. *The Godfather, Part II* (MGM, Francis Ford Coppola, 1973).....80,600,000
5. *Apocalypse Now* (Columbia, Francis Ford Coppola, 1979).....43,300,000
6. *The Godfather, Part III* (MGM, Francis Ford Coppola, 1990).....42,000,000
7. *Enter the Dragon* (MGM, Bruce Lee, 1973).....36,694,000
8. *King Kong* (Columbia, 1933).....35,851,293
9. *Young Frankenstein* (MGM, Mel Brooks, 1974).....34,150,000
10. *The Godfather* (Columbia, 1972).....31,000,000

11. *The Godfather, Part I* (MGM, Francis Ford Coppola, 1972).....27,851,000
12. *Apocalypse Now* (Columbia, Francis Ford Coppola, 1979).....26,745,000
13. 2001: A Space Odyssey (Columbia, Stanley Kubrick, 1968).....24,100,000
14. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (Columbia, Steven Spielberg, 1977).....23,200,000
15. *A Clockwork Orange* (Columbia, Stanley Kubrick, 1971).....16,400,000
16. *The Godfather, Part II* (MGM, Francis Ford Coppola, 1973).....16,107,000
17. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....16,000,000
18. *Apocalypse Now* (Columbia, Francis Ford Coppola, 1979).....14,836,000
19. *Apocalypse Now* (Columbia, Francis Ford Coppola, 1979).....14,800,000
20. *Psycho* (Alfred Hitchcock, 1960).....14,800,000
21. *Psycho* (Alfred Hitchcock, 1960).....14,800,000
22. *Psycho* (Alfred Hitchcock, 1960).....14,800,000
23. *Psycho* (Alfred Hitchcock, 1960).....14,800,000
24. 2001: A Space Odyssey (Columbia, Stanley Kubrick, 1968).....14,800,000
25. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
26. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
27. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
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30. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
31. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
32. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
33. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
34. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
35. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
36. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
37. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
38. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
39. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
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41. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
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49. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000
50. *Planet of the Apes* (Franklin Scheraga, 1968).....14,800,000

# MEDIA MACABRE

Revenge, following a gory series of Exorcist-like incidents. The dialogue coach breaks his feet; the publicity man fractures a kneecap; a prep man sprains an elbow; cast and crew were in fear of crashes in all. Peter Cushing fell victim to a serious inflammation of the eyes—which also befell director Rod Amateau, who broke a finger, as well. Nothing as far has happened to producer Dr. Gerald Gearing (no relation!).

Just for the record, *Nitler's See* is a movie and not a film, according to Amateau. A movie, he cites as being pure entertainment, a film provokes intellectual thinking. >>

## Meteoric Career

To celebrate the fact that his star-packed *Meteor* marks his 50th year in movies and his 30th as a director, Ronald Neame has added himself to the cast alongside Sean Connery, Natalie Wood, Karl Malden, etc. Neame plays the British representative at the United Nations.

Neame, who apparently vowed he'd never handle another disaster thriller after the multitudinous headaches of *The Poseidon Adventure*, has come a long, long way from his beginnings as a messenger boy at EMI studios, London, in 1926. The first film he worked on was Hitchcock's first British talkie *Blackmail*, in 1929. A cinematographer on such ventures as *In Which We Serve* (1942), he later produced the most important films of the post-war English cinema, *Great Expectations* (1946) and *Oliver Twist* (1948), before taking director later in 1948.

We're sure *Meteor* will be a cracking movie, but Neame will always be better remembered for his Alec Guinness films, *The Card* (1962), *The Horse's Mouth* (1959) and *Tunes of Glory* (1963) and Maggie Smith's *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (1969).

## Technical Hitch

Talking of Hitchcock — his own cinematic language, Hitchcockian, is talking up in film

## Bee-Pictures

1938 looks like going down as the year of the bee-films. Three of them at the last count.

Held on the heels of Bruce Geller's somewhat ridiculous tale of South American killer bees invading Louisiana (*The Savage Bees*), comes Irwin Allen's *The Swarm*, which is about South American killer-bees invading the entire United States. Well, Allen always did have bigger budgets.

Geller's stars rate as a load of TV Movie First XI—good old Ben Johnson, Michael Parks, Heret Buehler and sundry unknowns (and likely to remain so). Allen's cast features a starrer swimmer

Michael Caine, Katharine Ross, Richard Widmark, Richard Chamberlain, Olivia de Havilland, Lee Grant, Jess Ferrar, Patty Duke Astin, Bradford Dillman, Harry Fonda, Fred MacMurray and good old Ben Johnson. Again.

Now both of these films have to do battle with a quackie from Roger Corman's New World Pictures, *Bees*. Director is Jack Hill with a cast headed by John Saxon. Only difference we can see about this one is that the location is Mexico City. Which means, it's (a) either cheaper, not to bother importing the bees, or (b) the story has killer-bees from America taking their revenge on South America. About time, too.



titles. To Hitch, a McGuffin is that which is not quite what it seems—the innocent crop-dusting plane that isn't dusting any crops and starts emitting Coney Grant in *North By Northwest*, as one stunning example. Now the Bangi writer-producer director Joe Camp (no comment) is immortalizing the expression in a thriller called *The Double McGuffin*. "It's a *Schindler* night," explains Camp. "The boys are playing a little game. The winner gets to live." Ah! Ernest Borgnine and George Kennedy are the boys? Elie Samer is honestly playing the Prime Minister. Now there's a McGuffin if ever we've heard one.

## Moore Vanishes

Latest news on the much head-lined plan to re-make Hitchcock's *The Lady Vanishes* is a change of casting. For Roger Moore read George Segal. Very good news!

## Stinging Effects

If *The Savage Bees* story was less than brilliant, the make-up effects were first rate. And all the work of one Maurice D. Stein, who suffered so many stings himself that he has to carry a bandaging antivenom with him forevermore—"my doctor insists I've reached my toxic threshold."

No wonder. For the scene of the guy jumping into a pond to escape a killer-swarm, dying slowly, looking dead and more swollen every time he comes up for air, Stein says he carried imitation stingers from nose-things—and three glued live bees to his actors' faces. And not, we hope, for mere B-picture salaries.

## Harper, Italian Style

Finally, news of everyone's favorite horror damsel in distress—the screams so superbly I refer, of course, to Jessica Harper. She's sticking fast to her new-found Italian career following the *Suspiria* triumph. Her latest assignment—*Our Man in Venice*, with Bo Svenson and Thomas Mifflin. Sounds bad enough to make even strong men scream!

## BOOK news



## BLACK ORACLE

There was a time when New York seemed to be the center of horror activity, producing and introducing countless publications during the 1950s. However, the center of the American horror industry now seems to have moved to Maryland—Baltimore in particular. One of the most prominent of these Maryland-based ventures is George Storer's *Black Oracle*. This mag can be easily identified by its size—or rather, lack of it. *Black Oracle* measures a mere 4½ x 5½ inches. Despite this





Review by John Brosnan

**S**OME movies can be described in just one word and the word I that best describes *The Incredible Melting Man* is *blechhh!* I mean, I've seen some *s* disgusting things on the screen over the years, from the gross vomit in *The Exorcist* to Barbra Streisand's performance in *A Star Is Born*, but this takes the cake. Uh oh, the mention of food is a mistake in connection with this film. The night I saw it I'd intended to have a pizza afterwards but as the "thing" resembles a pile of walking pizza toppings, plus

other substances over whose origins we will draw a discreet veil, I found I'd lost my appetite for pizza by the end of the show, as well as for all other forms of food.

The "thing" I refer to is all that remains of Colonel Steven West after a space fight to Saturn. Well, we're told he's been to Saturn but all we see on the screen is some NASA footage of one of the Apollo moon missions (and when Col. West, staring out of his window, says "Gee! seeing the sun through the rings of Saturn sure is something" there's a cut to a

# THE INC MEL M



# REDIBLE RING AN



close-up of the sea's cornea, whereas, of course, from Saturn the sun would appear rather dim! During the fight there's an unexplained flash of bright light and one presumes that it's responsible for the unpleasant transformation that West undergoes, though again it's not very clear just what it is.

We next see West swathed in bandages in a hospital bed and in obvious discomfort. He slogs up, rips off the bandages and reveals that his face and hands have become nothing but vast open sores. Enraged, he immediately attacks a nurse, chasing her through the apparently deserted hospital and into the road outside. The next time we see the nurse she's lying dead on an autopsy table and being examined by two doctors, one of them being the film's hero, Dr. Ted Nelson. As the whole mishap in space must be kept top secret, Dr. Nelson receives orders that he must track down West, practically on his own.

West, meanwhile, is deteriorating rapidly—his

flesh taking on the appearance of the parts filling I mentioned earlier, all red and yellow and runny. Anything he touches is covered with strings of sticky slime. And as he melts, apparently, so his appetite for flesh must increase. His second victim, after the nurse, is a lone fisherman by a stream. The fisherman disappears into the bushes and the next thing we see is his head topple over a waterfall and burst open on the rocks below—all in slow motion.

General Perry (Myron Healey) arrives in plain clothes to assist Dr. Nelson in the search, so now there is a total of two involved in a hunt for an astronaut who has recently been sent to Saturn at the cost of countless millions of dollars and the efforts of thousands of people. They don't have much luck, which isn't surprising, particularly as they seem to spend most of their time hanging around Nelson's home





where his attractive wife Judy (Ann Sweeney) is waiting for the arrival of a baby.

West's toll of victims mounts up, including Judy's mother who was on her way to the Nelson home for a visit, but no matter how many people he kills it doesn't affect the disintegration process (we see in loving close-up his right eye slowly trickle out of its socket and down his face). Leaving the General to look after his sleeping wife, Dr. Nelson goes out to search for her missing mother. Of course, no sooner has he gone than West shambles into view, heading towards Nelson's house.

When Nelson returns, accompanied by a policeman, they find the General dead on the front lawn. To his relief, Nelson finds his wife unharmed.

Eventually Nelson and the cop track down West in the local electricity-generating station—"We want to help you," Nelson tells him, but West rightly seems aware that the offer is a redundant one. The dog ends up being hung onto some high voltage wires, and while Nelson attempts to prevent two security men from



shooting West he himself is shot dead for his efforts. West then staggers off, his condition worsening—and finally he dissolves, reverting into a puddle of clothing and goo beside a metal dial. The film ends with a shot of a dogmated cleaver shoveling the remains into a garbage can—a fitting image.

If the plot sounds vaguely familiar it should do, as it owes a lot to Hammer's *The Quatermass Experiment* (and the 1959 rip-off *First Men Into Space*) and, of course, *Frankenstein*, but whereas those two films had a great deal of style, being made with care and intelligence, *The Incredible Melting Man* is an exploitation film of the purest kind—it has practically no redeeming features. The direction is almost non-existent, the script illogical and nonsensical, the acting perfunctory, etc.—only Rick Baker's make-up for Alex Rebar, as the melting man of the title, demonstrates any creative effort. It's revolting and disgusting but by being so it fulfils its purpose. If Baker hadn't been able to create a make-up effect so revolting then the film would have been totally unwatchable—the responsibility for alienating the audience would have fallen entirely on the writer and director, William Sachs, and he certainly wasn't up to the task.

So, thanks to Baker (he was the one who made the ape suit in the remake of *King Kong* and also designed most of the aliens in *Star Wars*) *The Incredible Melting Man* isn't a boring movie. It may be an awfully bad movie but isn't boring and these days that's not a quality to be sneezed at. Just don't plan to see after you've seen it.

#### **The Incredible Melting Man (1977)**

Alex Rebar (as Colonel Simon West), Bart DeSantis (Dr. Ted Nelson), Myrna Healy (General Ford), Michael Aldridge (Sheriff Abbot), Ann Sweeney (Judy Nelson), John Dorman (Gard)

Written and Directed by William Sachs, Director of Photography Willy Curis, Edited by James Reston, Special Effects and Make-up by Rick Baker, Music by Arnie Ober, Associate Producer Peter Conning and Robert E. Fennell. Produced by Samuel M. Goldstein, A Rosenberg-Goldman Production. Released by Columbia-Warner. Price Distributors Ltd. Time 84 mins.

# The S

Review by Johnathan

**T**his is a dangerous film. Avoid it at all costs. If you find yourself trapped in a cinema with it you will first experience a sharp pain in the brain followed by a spreading numbness throughout your body caused by an intense attack of boredom. Chances of a complete recovery are slim and there is no antidote.

Bizarrely *The Savage Bees* is yet another variation on *Jaws*: a community is threatened by a powerful natural force, there are a number of attacks on isolated victims before the danger is recognised, the authorities are slow to take the proper steps even when informed of the situation, finally there is a showdown between the protagonists and the "monster" and naturally the former are the ultimate victors. In this case the "monster" is a swarm of killer bees that invade Louisiana after travelling up



from South America in a banana boat. The bees first attack and kill a couple of crewmen on a freighter, a little girl on her way to church, and a dog. The dog turns out to belong to the local sheriff (Ben Johnson) and it's only when he insists that a young doctor at the town's mortuary carry out an autopsy on the dead animal that the existence of the killer bees is discovered. It just so happens that the doctor (Michael Parks) has had a recent romance with an entomologist (Gizachia Carbert) and he enthusiastically aids her for some expert advice. She reveals that the bees are of the African variety—a species noted for both its aggression and the strength of its venom. Only a few stings are needed to kill a man.

Naturally they attempt to alert the city authorities but as New Orleans is in the middle of its Mardi Gras celebrations the Mayor is reluctant to take the threat seriously, leaving them to cope with the problem on their own. As there's a danger that the bees might spread out and overbreed with local species if the



# Savage Bees

queen isn't destroyed is, repetitive that the whole scene is captured intact. So while the sheriff organizes a search to locate the swarm, the doctor and the girl entomologist arrange to have a Brazilian bee expert (Hansi Buchholz) flown up to help with the operation. At the same time they scramble their narrative. It took a swarm of killer bees to bring you back to me," announces the girl. Ouch!

The Brazilian bee expert arrives and soon takes charge, issuing orders and peeing derisively with his shirt untied. With his help the swarm is finally located in a small diner on a remote country road. If still can't figure out how he found them, he simply pointed at the shack and said, "They're in there." He then does his special silver bee-proof costume, and rides off toward the shack on the back of the girl's Volkswagen. While the girl waits in the

car, he goes inside the diner and warns enough hinds the bees, as well as a few dead bodies. But while he's attempting to get the queen two young refugees from the Mardi Gras dressed in pirate gear "dive up and demand service." They only realize something is wrong when the bees begin to attack them, causing them to leap about in a bizarre dance of death. When the bee expert book-bills goes outside to try and help them (though it must have been obvious to him there was nothing he could do to save them), his suit is slashed open by the "pirate's" flailing sword and he too is badly stung the whole time by the bee dies by the bee, a second.



The bees then switch their attention to the girl in the car, covering her Volkswagen like a living carpet in an attempt to break it. When the doctor and the police arrive on the scene she is well and truly trapped. And after some discussion a possible solution is discovered—it seems that the bees fall asleep at a temperature of 45 degrees Fahrenheit so all they have to do is move the car to a place where the temperature

can be controlled. Somebody remembers that there's an enclosed sports stadium in the city that fits these requirements—the only problem is getting the car in it.

We then see the bee-covered Volkswagen, preceded by a police car, moving slowly through a New Orleans street. A horde of extras, probably numbering in many as nine or ten, hurry for safety as they hear the police message from the loudspeaker. "Clear the street, there is a swarm of killer bees behind us." (Not as memorable as the line in the film *The Night of the Lepus* when a policeman bursts into a house in cinema and tells the audience, "Attention, there's a herd of killer rabbits coming your way.")

They eventually make it to the sports stadium, the temperature is slowly lowered and, after several minutes devoid of almost any tension



the bees fall asleep, having been beaten to this beautiful state by the audience some time ago.

It's a pretty shoddy film—cheaply made and directed by former TV director Bruce Geller with as much ing and excitement as a computer. The script seems machine-manufactured too—everything follows a totally predictable pattern and the dialogue could have come from some kind of Lattimer kit (Plot Variation Number 723: Just apply no black, rage, press, then increase backing, wait!). But the other main problem with it is that bees aren't very effective as a cinematic menace. They don't generate much in the way of tension or fear unlike spiders, worms or even ants, so film makers have to work really hard in order to subvert them with any feeling of horror or danger. So far no film maker has succeeded in this. Freddie Francis certainly didn't in *The Deadly Bees*, a 1967 Arconis film, and neither does Geller in this one. It remains to be seen at the time of writing how Brian Allen has tackled the problem in his radio-in-the-dollar



eps. *Swarm*, it will no doubt be much more spectacular than *The Savage Bees* but I have a strong feeling that it too will be a lot of buzz about nothing.

## The Savage Bees (1976)

Ben Johnson (as Sheriff McKee), Michael Parks (Dr. Jeff Dwyer), George C. Scott (Jeanette Desrosiers), Hansi Buchholz (Dr. Jorge Mendez), Bruce French (Police Lieutenant), James Earl (Pillgrimage), Christine Schwanitz (Pirate Girl), Kenneth Lornson (Pirate Boy).

Produced and Directed by Bruce Geller, Screenplay by Gordon Trenholm, Director of Photography Richard Closson, Music by Walter Murphy, Technical Advisors Kenneth Lawrence and Norman Gary, Ph.D., Edited by George Hurdley and Bud Swadlow, Making by Marlene Stein, Executive Producers: Dan Kirschner and Alan Landberg, Released by Columbia Film Distributors Ltd. Time: 90 mins.

*Shivers*, *Rabid* and the lesser-known *Crimes of the Future* and *Storen* are four recent contemporary horror films that all come from the mind of young Canadian writer-director David Cronenberg. Already he has earned himself the title of "the Canadian Roger Corman", because of his low cost, high profit products. This issue we look at his unusual approach to horror filming, and his stock-in-trade gimmick of . . .

# Doctors of DEATH



feature by John Flerding

Shortly before he began work on *Shivers*, Canadian director David Cronenberg had a nightmare. "I dreamt I was in a cinema with an audience. Certain members of the audience contracted a disease from the screen and then there was a certain amount of antagonism between those who got the disease and those who were immune."

In all Cronenberg's films, there is a conflict between those who are "normal" and those who are different. He graduated in English Literature from the University of Toronto. But he had enrolled at first on an Honours Science course. Then, he says, "I found that the people on the course were completely different from me. At the time, they were to me the kind of object that people my films. They were recognizably human beings... yet there was something quite different about them."

He made his first film for \$5,000 as the age of 27. *Nero* (1968) is set in a Canadian institute, where parapsychologist Luther Springfellow operates on six young adults. He removes their power of speech then, by brain surgery, increases their ability to perform telepathy. But, for Cronenberg, telepathy was just an excuse. "I wanted very definitely," he said, "to create the feeling that you are watching aliens from another planet."

To create an unreal effect, he used multiple-frame printing to make the characters move in a "kind of jerky slow motion." He also shot the film without any synchronous sound or music (which helped keep costs down). The soundtrack is made up of impersonal readings of scientists' observations.

This cold, clinical (and difficult-to-watch) approach was continued in his next film *Crimes of the Future* (1970). It is set in the near future at another fictional Canadian institute. The House of Skin. This institute treats those affected by some "severely pathological" skin diseases caused by modern cosmetics. The patients are men. All women die before puberty from the mysterious *Rouge's Malady*. The effect of this disease on men is an oozing of fluids. A white, creamy substance oozes from their ears. A thick, brown, chocolate-like substance oozes from their mouth and noses. Like liquefied dried blood. The fluids are highly attractive and tasty. Other people are tempted to lick and eat the substances. As in Cronenberg's other films, the cause of infection and transmission of the disease is sexual.

Not far away, at the Institute of Neo-Venerical Disease, a man has been infected and his body is creating unique and highly-complex organs which sprout from his body but have no apparent purpose. (In Cronenberg's *Rubid*, the unique organs reappear with a purpose. To kill.) Straw-like tails push out of one nostril. The doctors think these may be nerve-endings from the man's

brain, but they are not sure. No one is sure of anything.

The film's narrator is Adrian Tripod. He talks in a lost, wandering voice, unable to control or even understand what is happening around him. Eventually, he becomes involved in a plot to save the human race.

*Crimes of the Future*, like *Nero*, was shot with no synchronous sound and is very much in the "underground" film category. When I saw it, eight people walked out (presumably from boredom) and many others kept looking at their watches and yawning. Cronenberg's next film, though, was a slam-bang eye-popping commercial exploitation feature.

He explained: "I had a dream. My mouth was open and this thing crawled out. I was lying in bed—absolutely sexual atmosphere—and that was the kernel of the film."

The working-title was *Gory of the Blood*.



*Shivers/The Parasite Murders* (1974) takes place in a luxury block of flats. Dr. Merrick (Ronald Mitchell) attempts to destroy the parasite he has created, killing his "passive pig" in the process. Sacrificed that he is successful, he comically suicide (top right). Unfortunately, his victim has passed the parasite on to Nicholas Tashir (Alan Margulies) who sets out on a spree of attack and murder (left). Meanwhile, the parasites are spreading through the building and attacking the other residents (above).

*Parasite*. On release, this was changed to *The Parasite Murders*. The French-Canadian title was *Frénésie*. And, in Britain, it was known simply as *Shivers* (1974). Set in a high-rise apartment block isolated on an island in Montreal, it is a variation on the theme successfully used for *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* and *Night of the Living Dead*. A whole community is taken over by an outside force until the few remaining "normal" people are faced with a massive majority of infected humans. It is the

normal people who are the "freaks"

Again, the disaster is started by a doctor operating on a patient. The resultant parasites look like the objects which dogs are not supposed to deposit on clean city streets. They carry a combination of aphrodisiac and venereal disease—a fact which brought some outraged cries from the press. At home, the Canadian Film Development Corporation was criticised for giving such a "repellent" movie financial backing. In Britain, *Shivers* was called "degrading"

(*Sawley Tower*), "nauseous" (*Daily Express*) and "absolutely disgusting" (*London Evening News*). In fact, even producer Ivan Reitman had originally turned the film down as "too disgusting", but he later changed his mind when Cineplex of Canada became involved in the project.

David Cronenberg had his own reasons for making the film this way, though. "During the three years that I wrote the film, my father was dying and we were very close. It was a quite horrible death. No reason for it. It was just bad. Cathartic. That's what the film can do. It's a release of inner tension to get involved with a film like that and have it end the way it does."

Cronenberg himself designed the "bug", as it was affectionately known by the film crew. Special effects were handled by Joe Blasco, who normally worked as a make-up man for TV's *Lawrence Welk Show* in Los Angeles. The results were remarkable. At the start of the movie, a girl's stomach is slit open with a scalpel. The man who has performed the operation then pours steaming acid into the stomach and sits his throat open with the scalpel.

He is a doctor who has been trying to breed a parasite which can take over the functions of a human organ. The parasites, though, start to run, crawl and leap attack spreading their insanity-causing properties throughout the enclosed community. Soon, people are spewing up blood and bugs everywhere: into baths, onto the floor, out of the window. One little shower of blood and a bug from a high window goes sailing down onto the plastic umbrellas of two old ladies walking below. "Oh poor birds!" says one. "They're always crashing into tall buildings." The bug creeps away into the undergrowth.

In one of the most effective special effects sequences, the bugs can be seen moving just under the skin of a man's stomach. Far more effective than anything in *The Exorcist*. In another scene, while two of the film's heroes are talking about Man being "an over-rational animal that's lost touch with its body", a girl (played by Barbara Steele) in another room steps into her bath and lies down in the water. The plug runs and out creeps a bug, moving from her feet up towards her torso. As she flails about, knocking over and breaking a glass, the bath-water turns a mixture of blood-red and bug-brown, then drains away down the plug-hole. The girl steps out of the empty bath, not realising that jagged pieces of the broken glass are lying on the floor. She puts her foot down on the floor and sharp glass rips the soft flesh of her foot. But she shows no reaction, unaware of what is happening to her.

Elsewhere, a rapacious man attacks a woman who sticks a two-pronged meatfork into his neck, a woman cripple is attacked by a bug which crawls up her stick, an adulter's apple seeds as a bug surges up inside a girl's throat, an insane negro's skull is smashed in with a crow-bar



*Crimes of the Future* (1976). Above, Cut down by *Roger's Malady*, a young man lies unconscious in the chair set up to combat the thrush. Below, The film's hero, Adrian Tripod, uses the substance oozing from a victim's body.



and everything begins to look too much like *Night of the Living Dead*. Victims of the bugs suddenly develop a glazed look and uncertain swagger which they did not have earlier in the film. They start to group together, attacking the few people who remain unaffected. The whole of Montreal is threatened. All this proved too much for the good people of Cambridgeshire, England. After complaints that some scenes

were indecent, the local Council burned *Shivers*. Britain's National Board of Film Censors had passed the film uncensored because they believed (rather oddly) that the film had a message: "That the permissive society may be the result of this new form of plague."

David Cronenberg defends his work more simply by saying: "The true aspect of horror films is death and anticipation of death,



**Rabid** (1977). Above and below: Victims of the disease seek out and attack those who are unwounded in an effort to replenish the blood lost during their own infection



and that leads to the question of Man as body as opposed to Man as spirit. All my films have a strong physical consciousness. Being a mind in a body is a coarseness especially if, as happened with my father, the body starts to go and the mind has not."

Whatever the concern Cronenberg had for making *Shivers* so explicit, the film was a financial success, it won First Prize at the 1975 Sitges Horror Film Festival, and it

meant he had now moved from "underground" to "mainstream" movie-making.

As a result, he and producer Ivan Reitman teamed again for *Rabid* (reviewed at HoH 16).

*Rabid*, like *Shivers*, is about a strangely-shaped creature which needs to take over human beings' minds and bodies in order to survive. Like *Crimes of the Future*, it features self-generating organs which grow out of

the human body. Like both these films and *Serno*, the horror clearly results from the ill-advised actions of well-meaning doctors and clinical institutions. Like all David Cronenberg's films, it is about people who are not the human beings they, at first, appear to be. *Rabid* relies on tried and tested formulae. There is nothing new. It is basically a re-working of *Shivers*. I hope Cronenberg's next film will not be another re-working of previous films. In horror films, I prefer the phrase "ad nauseum" to mean something else.

#### **Serno (1969)**

with Ronald Mlodnik, Ian Ewing, Jack Messinger, Clara Meyer, Paul Mulholland, Arlene Mlodnik, Glenn McCauley  
Produced, Directed, Written, Photographed and Edited by David Cronenberg, Production Assistants Stephen Nasko, Pedro McCannick and Janet G. M. Good. An Emergent Films Production.  
Time: 65 mins

#### **Crimes of the Future (1970)**

with Ronald Mlodnik, Taren Zoly, Jon Lidolt, Jack Messinger, Paul Mulholland, Willem Hasslam,  
Produced, Directed, Written, Photographed and Edited by David Cronenberg. An Emergent Films Production.  
Time: 70 mins

#### **Shivers (1975)**

(Canadian title: *The Parasitic Murders*)  
Paul Hampton (as Roger St. Luc), Jon Silver (*Abbie Lincoln*), Lynn Lowry (*Fire, Ice*), Alan Mizgowsky (*Nicholas Tudor*), Susan Petrie (*Amuse Tudor*), Barbara Steele (*Reins*), Ronald Mlodnik (*Mervick*)  
Written and Directed by David Cronenberg. Makeup and Special Effects by Joe Bianco, Director of Photography Robert Seed, Production Manager Don Connolly, Produced by Ivan Reitman. Released by Target International Pictures Ltd.  
Time: 87 mins

#### **Rabid (1977)**

(Canadian title: *Rage*)  
Marilyn Chambers (as Rose), Frank Moore (*Heart Resil*), Jon Silver (*Murray Cypher*), Howard Ryshpan (*Dr. Dan Kelso*), Patrick Gage (*Dr. Roscoe Kelso*), Susan Roman (*Mandy Kent*), J. Roger Bernard (*Lloyd Walsh*), Lynne Derrigon (*Nancy Louisa*)  
Written and Directed by David Cronenberg, Produced by Ivan Reitman, Andre Link and John Denning, Photographed by Rene Verzier, Music by Dave Reisman, Distributed by Alpha Films, A Cinema Entertainment Enterprises (Montreal) Production.  
Time: 90 mins

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# DRAW A MONSTER

When we first created HoH with its unique blend of features and comic strips, we never realised how many horror fans are also budding artists.

Yet over the last two years, we've been constantly inundated with drawings. Many readers have suggested we even start a "readers' artwork" page. But we always felt this was too far removed from our *raison d'être*.

However, rather than ignore the constant flow of requests, we're going to take time out to offer you another HoH contest. Movie buffs will have to take a back seat this time round as we present our **HoH Art Competition**.

To enter is simplicity itself. You don't need a huge reference library of books to cross-reference competition answers. Or a vast knowledge of cinema from the start of talkies onwards.

All you do need is a black pen (not pencil, or colour), a piece of white drawing board, card or paper (no larger than 12x10"), and a flair for art.

Over the past 19 issues, you've seen our differing depicted drawings of Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing and friends. Well, now it's your chance to show us what you can do.



We'd like to see a black and white hand drawing of your favourite horror star. Not John Bolton's or Brian Lewis's version or tracings, please, but your very own work.

The drawing can be a straight portrait shot (head and shoulders), full figure, or action scene from a film.

When submitting your entry, be sure to state your

age, as the artwork will be split into two or more categories for judging.

The judges will be Dez Skinn and Nigel Money (HoH's editor and art editor), and their decisions are final.

The competition is open to everybody, but entries must be postmarked no later than July 10th, 1978.

The winning entries will all appear in a future issue of HoH, and—who knows?—winners may even find themselves drawing future *Van Helsing's Terror Tales* as professional artists!

*The prizes will be:*

*A free 6-issue subscription to HoH for the ten runners-up in each category.*

*And for the winners...*

*A free 12-issue subscription plus...*

*The original artwork of a Van Helsing's Terror Tale from HoH!*

Be sure to clip the entry coupon from this page, and enclose it with your artwork to be sent to:

**HoH DRAW-A-MONSTER, COMPETITION,**  
Columbia-Warner House, 135-141 Wardour Street,  
London W1V 4QA, England.

... and while entering, be sure to let us know what your favourite three features are in this issue, plus the feature you like least of all.







# KRONOS-VAMPIRE HUNTER

## Part Two



BUT FOR KRONOS THE PARANOIA  
AFTERMATH IS FAR FROM OVER,  
HE NEEDS NOTHING

CHAINS  
GHOST?

THE GIRL IN THE  
FOREST... IT WAS MY  
FAULT WASN'T IT?

YES, MY FRIEND  
AND YOU KNOW WHAT  
HE MUST DO? THERE  
WILL BE PAIN...

DO IT, KRONOS.  
DO WHATEVER YOU  
HAVE TO DO...



BUT GHOST STOPS IN BUCKLEY  
TO SAVE KRONOS THE GHOSTLY  
TRAP

AAA  
AUGH!



HE DOESN'T  
BLEED, KRONOS... A  
VAMPIRE ONLY BLEEDS  
AT THE MOMENT OF  
ITS DEATH

HUNTING  
THEN



THIS TIME

THAT'S  
ENOUGH, GHOST  
CUT HIM DOWN



BUT EVEN NOW

FINE, GHOST  
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO  
KEEP TRYING UNTIL WE  
FIND THE RIGHT WAY.  
MARCUS?



0000000...

MARCUS?

BLOOD!  
HE'S BLEEDING, GHOST!  
BUT NOW?



A CROSS? HE  
WAS WEARING A CROSS.  
A SIMPLE STEEL  
CROSS...

NO, GHOST. A CROSS  
OF HOLY STEEL. THAT'S  
OUR ANSWER... THAT'S  
HOW WE KILL THE  
VAMPIRES

IS THAT RIGHT?

THIS'LL DO, KRONOS!  
GOOD HOLY METAL!  
I CAN RESHARP A FINE  
SWORD FROM THIS.

BUT...

LOOK! THERE  
THEY ARE! THE  
ONES WHO KILLED  
DR MARCUS!

AND THEY'RE  
ROBBING GRAVES  
NOW!

THAT GHOST...  
RUN!

AND SO KRONOS BEGINS A DESPERATE  
UNPAID-OF ACTION.

AAAGH!

OWIE...

SORRY, GENTLEMEN,  
I'LL ENTERTAIN YOU ALL  
AGAIN SOME OTHER  
TIME...

AAAAH!

OWIE OWIE...  
WE HIT US ALL...

IN THE  
SAME PLACE!

AND SO, KRONOS AND HIS  
COMPANIONS ATTEND TO  
THE SOCIETY OF THE FRODO.

WE ALMOST  
FINISHED, KRONOS!  
A SHARP FIT FOR  
A KING...

OR A  
VAMPIRE, EH,  
GHOST?



AND SO, WARY DADDIES TELL:

WANT THE  
DEY...

OH DE!  
PLEASE! HELP  
ME, SIR. I SAW  
THE LIGHT AND

MY FATHER TRIED TO FORCE  
ME INTO A MARRIAGE. I KNEW BARRY  
PLEASE, SIR. LET ME STAY HERE  
TONIGHT. I WON'T TROUBLE YOU.  
I'LL JUST STAY HERE BY THE FIRE.

OF COURSE. IT'S  
A SIMPLE KINDNESS  
HERE, DRINK THIS.

WE'LL  
LEAVE YOU, THEN  
GOODNIGHT!

AND GOODNIGHT  
TO YOU, SARA.  
SLEEP WELL. AND  
WAKE REHEWED.

OUTSIDE

WE'VE WAITED  
LONG ENOUGH. WYRONS  
DON'T THINK THEY'D  
ATTACK COALS YET  
BUT

BUT WE CAN'T  
TAKE THE CHANCE  
COME ON, GHOST  
TIME WE MADE  
OUR MOVE

HURRY, WYRONS  
THERE'S ANOTHER  
STORM COMING.  
DON'T LIKE IT.

NOR I,  
GHOST. BUT WE  
MUST APPROACH  
QUETLY.

AND INSIDE THE HOUSE,  
ANOTHER IS  
APPROACHING  
QUETLY

COULD WYRONS, LOOKS, AND  
CRIES ANOTHER PINE  
OF HIS. STRANGE  
ATYPIC EYES.

YOU YOU ARE

AND TO SHE GOES AWAY  
ENTRANCED, LIKE SO MANY  
BEFORE HER.

MOTHER!

HER FACE, TELL,  
LOOK AT HER FACE!  
WHAT'S WYRONS!

YOUR FATHER  
I WARNED HIM.  
HAD TO BRING  
HIM BACK.

BUT AT WHAT  
PRICE, MOTHER?  
WHAT PRICE? YOUR  
IMMORTAL SOUL.

WYRONS? WHAT'S WYRONS  
WITH BEING YOUNG AND  
BEAUTIFUL? LIFE HAS BEGUN  
ANEW, SARA. FOR ME. AND



NONE CAN RESIST THE MYSTIC STONE OF THE  
WISDOM... AND AS FOLLOWS DARK REMAIN  
MISTAKEN...



NOW, WISDOM  
SHE SHALL BE YOURS.  
I GIVE YOU HER LIFE.



BUT THEN



NO!

WHAT PRICE?  
HAPPY MATTER? YOU  
WILL REMEMBER NOTHING  
OF THIS I LOOK AT ME!  
LOOK... AT... ME!



YOU SHALL  
NOT HAVE HER  
NO ONE WILL!



NO... I...  
I...



A SWORD?  
YOU WISH TO FIGHT,  
LORD DUEWARD? YOU'RE  
MORE FOOLISH THAN  
I THOUGHT!

PERHAPS  
THE FOOL IS YOU  
WHO TOLD YOU  
THE SWORD?

BRAGGART  
OF THE IMPERIAL  
GUARD!

THEN YOU'RE  
DOOMED, SHE  
BECAUSE I THOUGHT  
HIM!



AAAAH!



BUT PERHAPS THE SWORD  
IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE  
SWORDSMAN? THIS IS GOD'S  
BLADE... FORGED FOR YOUR BLOOD,  
HARRY? AM I NOT BLEED?



YOUR BLADE  
MAY HAVE BEEN  
GOD'S... BUT MINE  
IS THE DEVIL'S.

MY SWORD!



DRUMMED, KNIGHTS JUCKED OFF RAPIDLY... AND THEN...

SINCE YOU KNOW THE DEVIL, YOU'LL PROBABLY BE FAMILIAR WITH TWO.

FIRE  
SH! FIRE AND  
GRIMSTONE!

SKREE!



AAAAUGH!



AYYAAAAH!

A FORETASTE  
SH! FOR WHEN YOU  
BURN IN HELL!



AND ARIAN, DEAD LORD OF DURNARD, DIES AGONY.



BUT NOT ALONE... FOR AT THE LAST, HE  
REACHES FOR HIS BELOVED.



AND THE WIDOWED LADY  
DURNARD IS ALSO  
ENGULFED IN FIRE.



THEN, AS THE MYSTIC SPELL  
WAVES OFF.

MOTHER  
FATHER, THEY.

IS IT OVER,  
KNOWS? REALLY  
OVER, AT  
LAST?

YES, IT'S OVER  
HERE! BUT TOMORROW,  
SOMEWHERE ELSE  
PERHAPS.



I FEAR THERE'LL  
ALWAYS BE WORK FOR  
GHOST AND I' ALWAYS  
WORK FOR PROFESSIONAL  
VAMPIRE HUNTERS.

Once again, we're so totally bogged down with media letters that we're saving this month's Post Mortem for an ideas issue. So let's have what you think of some of the posthumous suggestions we've been receiving.

I would like to see more features on the films that you adapt to comic strip form. You could include deeper coverage of the makeup and special effects and perhaps some behind-the-scenes photographs.

R. McLaughlin,  
London.

Why not run an article on *Dracula* along the lines of "The Decline and Fall of the Frankenstein Monster" in *MoM* 37? And why not have a *Dracula* Gallery with items like deck chairs, Francis Lederer, Charles Mordaunt and Max Schreck? Neil Heywood says you have favorite *Dracula*, Christopher Lee and Bela Lugosi.

John Freud,  
South Yorkshire.

I have an idea for a comparison you could have in *MoM*. Russian design and apply their own monster makeup, get a board to take a photo of them in a ghoulish pose, and write a short story centred around the picture.

Also, I'd be grateful if you didn't publish any more "continued next issue" stories.

Daniel Kershner,  
Lancashire.

Each month you could do a kind of "Dictionary of Movie Monsters", including an illustration of the character in question (*Frankenstein's*, *Dracula*, *Mummy*), a cut or two page feature, a list of films in which the monster has appeared and a list of books on the subject.

John Chase,  
Derby, Surrey.

It's a pity you've changed your title from *The House of Hammer* to *House of Horror*. And you start with the original title you could have brought out a whole series of companion magazines: *The House of Amosov*, *The Two Up, Two Down of Tyburn*, *The Air-Bold Shelter of A.P.*, the list is endless.

Gregory Keest,  
Gloucester.

I don't think there should be more comic strips in the magazine. One long Hammer adaptation and one short *Van Helsing* *Terror Tale* suits me fine.

Gregory Watt,  
Lancashire.

Wherever possible, you could do a complete subject filmography around the film you adapt to comic strip form. For example, if you adapt *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* you could do a complete *Jekyll* and *Hyde* filmography.

Philip Mason,  
London.

I hope you adapt, besides the well-known films, the lesser-known Hammer movies like *X-The Unknown*, *King of the Vampires* and *The Last Confession*.

Stephen Ch,  
London.

Peter Walker must do more coverage on the truly true British horror film director of today. He has directed films like *The House of Wicker*, *House of Mirth* etc., *Frighthouses*, *The Flesh and Blood Show* and *Sphinx*, none of which have been mentioned within your pages.

Derrick Sheldon  
Hull



Please either make adaptations longer or in two parts with about ten pages each or *forget the adaptation* entirely. It is really disappointing to see cramped artwork and huge chunks omitted from the storylines. Leave out a few film scenes if you have to, but make the adaptations longer.

K. Green,  
Reading.

Every month you could print a pin-up of a famous monster or horror actor in the centre pages of *MoM*. Gary Hughes,  
Leam.

Here are some ideas that you might have in mind for future issues. Have a pin-up and wrap-up page on a certain year for readers. But an article on how a horror film is made. Telling us about the jobs of the script-writer, the makeup man, the director, etc. A feature on Japan's great monsters would be good. Each year you could publish a Special Issue dedicated to a famous horror actor including his life story, filmography etc. Gary Conway,  
Tynes and Waver.

Please bring back the new adventures of Captain Kraven which haven't been seen since *MoM* 1, 2 and 3. D. Chidgoff,  
Liverpool.

Perhaps you could do an article on the Italian comic books that become movies—*Dracula* and *Ghoulies*, etc. Also, maybe one of your contributors could dig up some information from the last *Cornet* magazine and let us fans know what *Hammer* means to people way out there. Dave Gibbons did the artwork for *Van Helsing's* history of *Hammer* way back in *MoM* 2 and hasn't been seen since. A full length adaptation or even a *Terror Tale* would be appreciated as Gibbons is one hell of a fine artist.

Michael Thompson,  
Lancashire.

I would like more articles on modern films, and special sections on horror film production companies. *Hammer*, *Tyburn*, *Amosov* etc. Also, I would like to see comic strip adaptations of films other than *Hammer* productions.

Andrew Smith,  
Hull.

The new film there isn't much talk about completely in the 1964 *Amosov* film *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors* starring Peter Cushing. How about covering this in a future issue of *MoM*? You could also do a feature on *The Legend of Hell House* and include plenty of stills of Buddy McDowell and Pamela Franklin.

Niles R. J. Clarke,  
Bedford.

Please try to keep the film reviews down to a maximum of two per issue. You could use the space to give us longer *Van Helsing* or *Terror Tale*.

Tony Haines,  
Northfleet.

There are more films which just do not seem to be discussed in horror magazines. Films such as *The Curse of the Crimson Altar*, the excellent *Blood on Satan's Claw*, and the little seen *Kullfi* film, *Castles of Blood*.

Instead of printing a picture on the back cover I'd rather see a colour still from the film featured in the comic strip in that issue.

Jeffrey Leach,  
Sutton.

I think you should have a page for readers to write their own short stories of the monsters.

Adrian Cox,  
Melbourn.

In place of the *Van Helsing's* *Terror Tale* why not a short horror story. A *Terror Tale* takes up three or more pages but only takes about five minutes to read. A short story should last a lot longer.

Steven David,  
Oxford.

I don't enjoy *Doctor Strangelove* a bit — too much like those awful *Murder* characters although the artwork is far better. Please don't print any more of his dreadful adventures.

Peter Thorne,  
Widley.

The fantastic story of *Van Helsing* a *Terror Tale* and *Doctor Strangelove* are not long enough. They are an excellent part of the magazine and should be given more space. Also, what has happened to *Kraven's*? This was a superb strip and I long to see it return soon. K. D. Wilson,  
Northfleet.

It would be good if you could print a feature on how your comic strip adaptations are produced. You could follow the strip's progress from writer to artist to letter. Maybe you could print some artwork across it. G. Cooke,  
Widley.

Take the *Van Helsing's* *Terror Tale* out of *MoM* and give the writer his own magazine. This would allow room for more art and character development. Use *Kraven* as a book up feature and send out the magazine with two or three film reviews.

Robert Russell,  
Walsingham.

I have a suggestion to make. It is written into your *MoM* is *Movie* listings that there are let me say films to be full review on. So why not do the usual review of 2-page film reviews of the major releases plus a couple or so pages of short capsule reviews using *Van Helsing's*? These could have a column each and be similar to your *Fantasy Film Festival* reviews in *MoM* 13 and 14 having a small credit box at the bottom of the column.

Nicholas Haynes,  
Reading.

...and there you have it! A healthy batch of conflicting criticisms that show us totally confused. Should the strips be longer/shorter, should the reviews be more or fewer. Who knows? Without your feedback, we certainly don't, so put pen to paper and we'll look forward to hearing from each and every one of you. Send all letters of comment and criticism to: POST MORTEM, Top Sellers Ltd., Columbia-Warner House, 125-141, Woodrow Street, London W1, England.

# HISTORY OF HAMMER

Part Three. The Mummy and the Return of Frankenstein 1958-1959.

By Bob Sheridan

By 1958, Hammer Films were already established as the modern masters of the Gothic horror film, due to their fanatically popular approaches to the classic terror tales, "Frankenstein" and "Dracula". In addition to these, Hammer had been achieving success with war and science-fiction films, and in 1958 they experimented with two further types of subjects.

The *Sparkel* was the forerunner of a series of Hammer thrillers, which would reach its height of popularity in the mid-1960s with films such as *Taste of Fear* and *The Nanny*. Directed by Guy Green from a Peter Myers-Jimmy Sangster screenplay, *The Sparkel* starred Peter Van Eyck in the role of Jacques Duval, a man who murders his wife and makes her death appear to have been suicide. The plot thickens when Duval's stepdaughter (Mandy Miller) begins to suspect the truth about her mother's death—as well as the death of her real father, some time before Duval joins of her suspicions and plans to do away with her. Suspense mounts until the film comes to an eerie "poetic justice" conclusion in which Duval's scheme backfires on him. —*Endly*

Further up the Creek was a comedy (Hammer's first in over three years) written and directed by Val Guest. A sequel to the non-Hammer *Up the Creek* (which had been shot in Hammer scope and distributed by Exchange Pictures, of which Hammer was an outgrowth), *Further* was pretty much more of the same—a lightweight peacetime naval farce designed for domestic bookings. Its chief interest is that it demonstrates that Hammer continued to turn out a variety of product after *The Curse of Frankenstein* and *Dracula*, although their main attention was directed toward films of a similar nature to these, their two greatest successes.

And so Hammer rounded out their 1958 releases with *The Revenge of Frankenstein*, in technicolor. Christopher Lee, who had played both the creature in *The Curse of Frankenstein* and the title role in *Dracula*, refused to repeat either characterization, causing Hammer to cancel both *The Revenge of Dracula* and *And Then . . . Frankenstein's Mute Woman* (a play on the title of Roger Vadim's Brigitte Bardot vehicle *And God Created Woman*). Lee came understandably was trying to avoid the kind of typecasting that had reduced Bela Lugosi to a fool for the *East Side Kids*, but Hammer were not about to let Lee's decision hinder their success. Peter Cushing agreed to repeat his role as Baron Victor Frankenstein under

the direction of Terence Fisher. Jimmy Sangster devised a script which truly set the style for Hammer's Frankenstein series. Rather than following the adventures of the creature (as the original Universal series had done), Sangster's plot concerned the continuing career of Baron Frankenstein himself.

*The Revenge of Frankenstein* had an advantage over *Curse* in that this time Sangster was able to script for a director and star who had already been through the basic pitting with him. Where *Curse* had been an occasionally awkward blend of styles, *Revenge* was obviously the work of a team whose members knew how to complement one another's approaches toward the material. This resulted in a





much sharper overall vision than before, so that *Revenge* is a better film than *Curse*, at least in terms of its creation of a powerful central character.

The *Revenge of Frankenstein* opens with the apparent galloning of Baron Frankenstein, as implied in the finale of *The Curse*

Frankenstein, who is very much alive.

The film then jumps three years, to the town of Carlsbruck, where a certain "Doctor Stein" has stolen most of the patients away from the members of the local council of medicine. In addition to tending the needs of the rich, Stein runs a free clinic for the poor. As council member Paul Kieve (Francis Matthews) suspects, Stein is Frankenstein. Kieve blackmails Stein into taking him on as his assistant and pupil, and then quickly learns that Stein intends to bring another creature to life. Stein proudly shows Kieve the body (Michael Gifford) he has constructed. Unlike the creature of *The Curse of Frankenstein*, this one is no moushaped monster, but a tall, powerful looking figure of a man. Another change is that this time Stein has a volunteer to supply the brain for his creature, in the person of a hunchbacked, partially paralyzed dwarf

by dissecting it in the meantime, the patients in the free clinic have discovered that Frankenstein has been using their limbs and organs for his experiments. At the first opportunity, they beat Frankenstein nearly to death.

The film ends with an unusual twist: Using the knowledge he has gained, Kieve transplants Frankenstein's brain into a "spare" body constructed by Frankenstein in his own image. And so, looking the same as before except for a moustache and a tattooed arm (taken from a pickpocket in the clinic), Frankenstein sets up practice in London under the name Dr. Frank.

The *Revenge of Frankenstein* was a departure from all previous Frankenstein films in a number of ways. The creature played by Michael Gifford is the most sympathetic character in the film. Even his death is unique; rather than spectacular fire, explosion, or disintegration, this creature



Above: Manner's 1919 remake of the 1912 Universal film *The Hound of the Baskervilles* had Christopher Lee as Harker retreading the footsteps of Boris Karloff and mimicking a modern woman, Isabel (Yvonne Furness) for his long-dead love, Anka. Above left: In a fit of rage, Sir Hugo Bankerville (David Greig) roars the head of one of his servants in the fireplace and then punishes the man's daughter (below left) with murderous intent. *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1919).

of Frankenstein. The scene shifts quickly to a pair of grave robbers humorously portrayed by Lionel Jeffries and Michael Ripper in a style made famous by Abbott and Costello (the shrewd Jeffries fast-talks the dimwitted Ripper into doing the hard work for him, digging up the body of a freshly buried baron). This unpleasant team soon discovers that their routine job leads them to a horrific discovery when the body which they dig up turns out to be not the expected nobleman, but a beheaded priest. Through this gruesomely comical sequence, the audience is informed that the gallivant at the film's opening decapitated the unsuspecting priest (who was performing the last rites on the condemned man) instead of the crafty Baron

named Karl (Oscar Quinik). It was Karl who saved Frankenstein from the guillotine and beheaded the priest in Frankenstein's place. Karl's reward is to be a new body, courtesy of the rescued Baron.

Although the brain transplant is a success, the creature (now called Karl) undergoes a series of emotional and physical shocks (he learns that Stein plans to exhibit him, along with his old body, and is beaten by a savage drunkard played by George Woodbridge). As a result, Karl finds that his paralysis is returning, and that he is showing a disturbing tendency toward carabism! Despite Stein's efforts, Karl becomes a murderer and eventually identifies Stein as Frankenstein in public. The Baron puts an end to his new creation

dies by dissection—and offscreen, besides, Frankenstein himself has changed; he has cut off all of his emotional connections with the rest of the world. In *The Curse of Frankenstein*, he had a fiancée and was carrying on with a maid as well. But now he shows no signs of either love or passion, but only an expertly managed ability to function on any level of society as a superior, rather than an equal.

Frankenstein's personality is framed by those of the characters around him, who are generally pious or selfish. In addition to Karl (in either of his bodies), there are three exceptions to this rule. On one hand, there is the patient played by Richard Wordsworth—a totally undefined personality who seems to embody the



Above: *Sir Henry Jekyll* (Christopher Lee) *counts face to face* with *The Blood*. Below: *Merrell* (right) *avoids* *bumbling, dew-witted approach* of *Dr. Watson* (typified by *Nigel Bruce*) in the *Sherlock Holmes* series of the 1930s. Below: *Watson* as a *capable, competent character*. Below right: *As a reward for saving Frankenstein's life*, the Baron *transplants the brain* of the *paralyzed and hunchbacked Karl* into a new body. Unfortunately, *as time passes the paralysis returns* making *Karl's* new body *almost as twisted as the original*. *The Revenge of Frankenstein* (1958).



spirit of anarchy. The reasons for his actions can only be explained as a fondness for making trouble for its own sake. At the opposite extreme is Margaret Conrad (Eunice Gayson), a *father's* daughter who tends to the "needs" of the patients in the free clinic, supplying them with soap, writing paper, and tobacco—needless to say, only the last is in demand. Margaret is kind, generous, self-sacrificing—and a bit utopian. Also, with all her good intentions, she is largely responsible for the failure of Frankenstein's current experiment.

Lastly we come to Hans Kieve, who functions as the film's standard of normalcy. He sees both the good and the bad in Frankenstein. He admires the Baron's daring and skill, but is horrified at his methods. Unlike the Baron, Hans is idealistic, with a tendency toward humanitarianism (he is seen sending a young girl to the free clinic—no potential herb donor, she). Like Frankenstein in *Curse*, though, he expects others to share his enthusiasm for the Baron's work. It is Hans who cheerfully informs Karl, still recovering from the operation which has given him a new body, that he is to become an object of scientific study ("All my life I've been stoned at," responds Karl to the unheeding Hans).

Finally Hans sides completely with Frankenstein, first against the medical council and then by performing the operation that saves the Baron's life. As a disciple or agent of Frankenstein, Hans



enables the Baron to achieve the ultimate in his dreams of creating life, at the end of *The Revenge of Frankenstein*, the Baron has become his own creature. This conclusion is so bizarre that Hammer has never attempted to follow it. Although in the film *Frankenstein* declares, "They will never be rid of me", and Hammer made a number of further *Frankenstein* films, only the first two films, *Curse* and *Revenge*, present any sort of consistent continuing saga.

1959 began for Hammer with the release of *I Only Arsked*, adapted by Sid Colin and Jack Davies from the Granada TV series *The Army Game*. Directed by Montgomery Tully, *I Only Arsked* was another Hammer comedy aimed almost solely at the domestic film market—where it was, as usual for Hammer, a success.

Hammer's next two films, *The Hound of The Baskervilles* and *Ten Seconds to Hell*, were given worldwide release by United Artists. *Hound* recast Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee under the direction of Terence Fisher. This time the script, based on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous novel, was written by Peter Bryan, who remained more faithful to the original than Jimmy Sangster had done in his Hammer adaptations. For that matter, the Hammer *Hound Of The Baskervilles* is closer to Doyle than the 1939 American film version was, despite a couple of Hammer "twists".

The film begins at Baskerville Hall, a set which marks the most impressive use of Bray Studios outside of its disguise as



Castle Dracula in Hammer's 1958 *Dracula*. At this point the work of the late Bernard Robinson should be acknowledged. As Hammer's chief production designer until the late 1960s, Robinson was responsible for the expensive "look" which many of Hammer's low budget films achieved. In *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Robinson's Baskerville Hall, photographed in rich technicolor, serves as the opening scenes as a perfect backdrop for the evil of Sir Hugo Baskerville, as well as a visual expression of the nobleman's decadence. It is through these aspects of his personality that Sir Hugo brings about his own death. After pursuing an escaped servant girl (whose father's head he has just roasted in the fireplace) onto the moors outside Baskerville Hall, Sir Hugo slams her to death, and is in turn killed by a huge dog... so goes the legend of the Hound of Hell.

At this point the film switches to the house of Sherlock Holmes (Peter Cushing). Holmes and Dr. Watson (Andre Morell) have been listening to the legend, as told by Dr. Mortimer (Francis De Wolff), the Baskerville family physician. Since the recent mysterious death of Sir Charles Baskerville, only Sir Henry (Christopher



Lee) remains heir to the Baskerville grounds, title, and fortune. Mortimer believes that Sir Charles' death is connected with the legend of the hound, and fears for Sir Henry's life.

Naturally, Holmes accepts the case and is soon working his expert way through a tangled web of clues, suspects, and strange occurrences. Rather than discuss the plot of this mystery (since the reader is probably already familiar with it), we shall turn our attention to Hammer's handling of the world's most famous detective.

Terence Fisher described Peter Cushing's performance as "second to none", and it is difficult to dispute the director's appraisal, except on the grounds of nostalgia. Obviously, it is Basil Rathbone's name which springs to mind when one mentions Sherlock Holmes in the movies, and Rathbone gave consistently top level performances throughout an entire series of Holmes films in the 1930s and 40s. And, while no one has ever topped Rathbone's characterization, Cushing's performance cannot honestly be called inferior. As always, Cushing gave his all, not surprisingly injecting bits of Van Helsing and Frankenstein into his portrayal. Like Van Helsing, Holmes is a totally dedicated enemy of evil, arming himself with all the information available to him. Like Frankenstein, he is impatient with anyone or anything that stands in the way of his goal, and is expert at manipulating the people with whom he comes in contact. Like both, he is unusually intelligent and concerned with knowledge—and refuses to even consider giving up (in *Hound*, he declares, "I never relinquish a case").

It has been argued that Andre Morell's Watson is a less effective foil for Cushing's Holmes than the one which Nigel Bruce created opposite Rathbone. While the Hammer version sacrifices some of the charm of the byplay between Holmes and his dithered comrade, it should be remembered that this characterization was Bruce's, and not drawn from Doyle's original stories. Terence Fisher described it another way: "A man of Holmes' intelligence would never have suffered such a clot around him." Morell's Watson, while nowhere near Holmes' genius, is an intelligent professional. And since Holmes is still his intellectual superior, Watson is still a perfect foil for him: such as "Watson, you inspire me!" (when he unintentionally reminds Holmes of a fact which the detective had overlooked) and the obligatory "elementary, my dear Watson."

One further contrast regarding Holmes himself is that Hammer chose to ignore Holmes' abilities as a master of disguise, a skill employed throughout the Rathbone series. On the other hand, Cushing's Holmes is closer to Doyle's original character in his physical involvement. He is as much a man of action as of thought, a fact never brought to light in the Rathbone films.

Christopher Lee, following his roles as Frankenstein's creature and Count Dracula, had more screen time than before in *Hound*. As Sir Henry Baskerville, he had what could have been a standard "good guy" role, but instead played the part as a rather stuffy and uncooperative member of the upper class, with little patience for Holmes' investigation. While possibly sacrificing audience sympathy, Lee gave Sir Henry an unexpected depth.

*Ten Seconds to Hell* was an unusual but appropriate film for Hammer, in that it was written and directed by American Robert Aldrich. Both Hammer and Aldrich had reputations for approaching familiar material in an unexpected way (in Aldrich's case, this is best demonstrated in his 1954 film of Mickey Spillane's *Kiss Me Deadly*). The film is about a group of war buddies who find that they cannot fit into a peacetime workaday world, and so together they form a squad to disarm unexploded bombs in former war zones. Resulting in the deadly nature of their job, they form a salary pool, to be divided among the survivors of their task. This grim premise was made unusual by the casting of the lead roles: Jack Palance, most famous as the murderous gangster in *Shane*, was the hero, and Jeff Chandler, a popular action hero of the 1950s, was the villain!

*The Ugly Duckling* followed, an unusual

comedy version of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* directed by Lance Comfort from a Sad Collin-Jack Davies script based on a story by Colin Bernard Breslaw, who had appeared in *I Only Arsked*, played Henry Jekyll, a descendant of the "original" Jekyll, who discovers his ancestor's formula and uses it to turn himself into Teddy Hyde, man about town and crook. Rather than emphasizing the horror elements of the story, Hammer produced it in the style of three other comedy releases of the period.

Hammer's next feature was *Yesterday's Enemy*, scripted by Peter R. Newman from his television play. Val Guest, who had directed *The Camp on Blood Island*, directed *Enemy* as an alternative version of *Camp*, by showing that the British in World War II could be as ruthless as the Japanese were. *Yesterday's Enemy* was a thought-provoking, intelligent film which corrected every "flaw" that critics had found in *The Camp on Blood Island*—and didn't make anywhere near as much money.

Somehow Hammer managed to follow *Yesterday's Enemy* with yet another Technicolor Terence Fisher-Cushing-Christopher Lee horror remake, *The Mummy*. By this time, Hammer had proven their abilities with horror subjects to the extent that Universal Pictures had granted them remake rights on all of their



Christopher Lee's mummified Kharis shambled his way through the film seeking vengeance upon the defilers of his tomb.



## THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

Lawrence Gerson of Los Angeles, California, would like a listing of films using the Abominable Snowman theme, so here they are.

**The Snow Creature** (1954) Wilder/United Artists. *Dir.* W. Lee Wilder (also produced) *Screenplay:* Myles Wilder. *Leading Players:* Paul Langton, Leslie Denison, Tetsu Shimada.

**Men Beast** (1955) Jerry Warren/Favourite films. *Dir.* Jerry Warren (also produced). *Scr:* Arthur Cassady. *LP:* Rock Madison, Virginia Maynor, George Skaff.

**Half Human** (aka *Julia Yukiotoko*/Monster Snowman, 1956) Japanese Toho/DCA. *Dir.* Inoshiro Honda. *Scr:* Takao Murata. *LP:* Akira Takarada, Kenji Kasahara, (US-made sequences only) John Carradine, Morris Ankrum. Features "apeman" creature.

**The Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas** (1957) Hammer Film Prods., Clarion Films/Regal. *Dir:* Val Guest. *Scr:* Nigel Kneale. *LP:* Forrest Tucker, Peter Cushing, Maureen Connolly. Based on the BBC-TV play "The Creature" by Nigel Kneale.

**Snow Devils** (aka *I Diavoli dello Spazio/The Devils from Space*, 1955) Italian Mercury/MGM. *Colour.* *Dir:* A. Margheriti (Anthony Dawson). *Scr:* Charles Sinclair, William Finger, I. Resner, Moretti. *LP:* Giacomo Rossi-Stuart (Jack Stuart), Ombretta Colli (Amber Collins), Renato Baldini (Gene Baldwin).

**Big Foot** (1958) Elman Enterprises/Universal Entertainment. *Colour.* *Dir:* Robert F. Slatzer. *Scr:* Slatzer & James Gordon White. *LP:* Chris Mitchum, John Carradine, Lindsay Crosby. Features "apeman" creatures.

**The Legend of Boggy Creek** (1972) P & L Prods. *Colour.* *Dir:* Charles B. Pierce (also produced & photographed). *Scr:* Earl E. Smith (also associate producer). *LP:* Willie E. Smith, John P. Hixon, John W. Gates, Jeff Crabtree. Features "apeman" creature.

## DR. FU MANCHU

For *Fu Manchu* fans Larry and Edward Gostelow of Bristol, the checklist of films featuring Sax Rohmer's Oriental villain.

**The Mystery of Dr. Fu Manchu** (1923) Stoll. *Silent*—Serial in 15 chapters. *Dir:* A. E. Coleby. *Screenplay:* A. E. Coleby & Frank Wilson. *Lead Players:* Harry Agar Lyons (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Fred Paul, H. Humberton Wright, Joan Carlsson.

**Further Mysteries of Dr. Fu Manchu** (1924) Stoll. *Silent*—Serial in 15 chapters. *Dir:* Fred Paul. *Scr:* Fred Paul (adaptation). *LP:* Harry Agar Lyons (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Fred Paul, H. Humberton Wright, Donna Sharley.

**The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu** (1929) Paramount. *Silent & Sound versions.* *Dir:* Rowland V. Lee. *Scr:* Florence Ryerson & Lloyd Corrigan. *LP:* Warner Oland (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Jean Arthur, Neil Hamilton, O.P. Heggie.

**The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu** (1930) Paramount. *Dir:* Rowland V. Lee. *Scr:* Florence Ryerson & Lloyd Corrigan. *LP:* Warner Oland (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), O.P. Heggie, Neil Hamilton, Jean Arthur.

**Daughter of the Dragon** (1931) Paramount. *Dir:* Lloyd Corrigan. *Scr:* Corrigan, Monte M. Katterjohn, Sidney Buchman. *LP:* Warner Oland (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Anna May Wong, Sessue Hayakawa. Based on the novel "Daughter of Fu Manchu" by Sax Rohmer.

**The Mark of Fu Manchu** (1932) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. *Dir:* Charles Brabin & Charles Vidor. *Scr:* Irene Kuhn, Edgar Allan Woolf, John Willard. *LP:* Boris Karloff (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Jean Harsholt,

# ANSWER

Myme Loy. Based on the novel by Sax Rohmer.

**Drums of Fu Manchu** (1940). Republic. *Serial*, in 15 chapters. *Dir:* William Witney & John English. *Scr:* Franklin Adreon, Morgan B. Cox, Ronald Davidson, Norman S. Hall, Barney A. Sarecky, Sol Shar. *LP:* Harry Brandon (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), William Royle, Robert Kellard, Gloria Franklin.

**El Otro Fu-Manchu** (The Other Fu Manchu, 1945). Spanish. Bascon Films. *Dir. & Scr:* Ramon Barrena. *LP:* Manuel Riquena (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Rosta Yorza, Adela Esteban.

**The Face of Fu Manchu** (1965). Hallam/Seven Arts. *Colour.* *Dir:* Don Sharp. *Scr:* Harry Alan Towers (Peter Welbeck). *LP:* Christopher Lee (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Nigel Greene, Joachim Fuchsberger, Karin Dor, Tsi Chin.



**The Brides of Fu Manchu** (1966) Hallam/Seven Arts. *Colour.* *Dir:* Don Sharp. *Scr:* Sharp & Harry Alan Towers (Peter Welbeck). *LP:* Christopher Lee (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Douglas Wilmer, Marie Versini, Heinz Grache, Howard Marion Crawford, Tsi Chin.

**The Vengeance of Fu Manchu** (1967) Babesday/WB-Seven Arts. *Dir:* Jeremy Summers. *Scr:* Harry Alan Towers (Peter Welbeck). *LP:* Christopher Lee (*Dr. Fu Manchu*), Tony Ferrer, Tsi Chin, Douglas Wilmer, Howard Marion Crawford.



# Desk

**Blood of Fu Manchu** (aka *Kiss and Kill*, 1968). Spanish/German/U.S./British. Ada Films/Terra Filmkunst/Usindex. Colour. Scope. Dir: Jesus Franco. Scr: Harry Alan Towers (Peter Welbeck), Manfred Kohler, Franco. LP: Christopher Lee (Dr Fu Manchu), Goetz George, Ricardo Palacios, Richard Gaseno, Tsei Chi, Howard Marion Crawford.

**The Castle of Fu Manchu** (aka *Die Foltarkammer des Dr. Fu Man Chu/The Torture Chamber of Dr. Fu Manchu and Assignment: Istanbul*, 1968). W. German/Spanish/Italian/British. Terra Filmkunst/Producciones Belcizar/Italian International/Towers of London. Colour. Scope. Dir: Jesus Franco. Scr: Manfred Barthel, Jesus Belcizar, Harry Alan Towers (Peter Welbeck). LP: Christopher Lee (Dr Fu Manchu), Richard Greene, Howard Marion Crawford, Gunther Stoll, Rosalbe Nen, Tsei Chin. The Fu Manchu-movie lull was also for David Gurney (Newport), Mon., Philip Hammond & Ian Thompson (Liverpool), Diana Newberry, Carol Bryant & Peter Crowther (Wembley, Middx.), and Harald Rheinmann (Cologne, Germany).

## MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION

Anthony Margolin & Alan West of Melbourne, Australia, would like to see an episode listing of their old TV favourite *Mystery and Imagination*. This 1966 British TV series was the work of producer Jonathan Alwyn and story editor Terence Feely. It was an ABC Weekend Network production, and was hosted by David Buck (as "Richard Beckett") who also appeared in some of the episodes.

**"The Last Stradivarius"** (January 29, 1966) Dir: Bill Bain. Story by J. Meade Falkner, adapted by Owen Holder. 60 mins. B&W. LP: Jeremy Brett, David Brett, David Buck, Joyce Heron, Angela Morant, Petricio Garwood, Edward Brayshaw.

**"The Body Snatcher"** (February 5, 1966) Dir: Toby Robertson. Story by Robert Louis Stevenson, adapted by Robert Muller. LP: Trevor Baxter, Michael Johnson, James Cosens, Ian Holm, Ann Ogden, Dermot Tyochy, Michael Gwynn.

**"The Fall of the House of Usher"** (February 12, 1966) Dir: Kim Mills. Story by Edgar Allan Poe, freely adapted by David Crompton. LP: David Buck, Susanah York, Mary Miller, Oenholm Elliott, Oliver McGroarty, Dudley Jones.

**"The Open Door"** (February 19, 1966) Dir: Joan Kemp-Welch. Story by Mrs. Elephant, adapted by George E. Kerr. LP: Jack Hawkins, Rachel Gurney, Jill Meredith, Henry Belten, Geoffrey Sumner, Debbie Bowen.

**"The Incomplete Mother"** (February 26, 1966) Dir: Kim Mills. Story by M. R. James, adapted by Dennis Webb. LP: David Buck, Norman Soace, Jerry Verno, Tim Preece, Giles Black, Edwin Finn, Helen Ford, Cyril Renison.

**"Lost Hearts"** (March 6, 1966) Dir: Robert Tronson. Story by M. R. James, adapted by Giles Cooper. LP: Richard Pearson, Freddie Jones, Mags Jenkins, David Doddhead, Francis Thompson, Roy Young, Deryll Reed.

**"The Canterville Ghost"** (March 12, 1966) Dir: Kim Mills. Story by Oscar Wilde, adapted by Giles Cooper. LP: Bruce Forsyth, Dore Rogers, John Falconer, David Stoll,

David Bauer, Libby Morris, Angela Thorne, Colin Pidditch, "Room Thirteen" (October 22, 1966) Dir: Patrick Drummond. Story by M. R. James, adapted by Evelyn Frezer. LP: David Buck, David Bartley, George Woodbridge, Tessa Wyatt, Carl Bernard, Jess Ackland.

**"The Beckoning Shadow"** (October 29, 1966) Dir: Laurence Boume. From the story *Old Mrs. Jones* by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, adapted by Allan Prior. LP: David Buck, Tom Palmer, Edwin Richfield, Maureen Pryor, John Ronane, Larry Noble, Julie McCarthy, Renny Lister, Geoffrey Palmer.

**"The Flying Dragon"** (November 5, 1966) Dir: Bill Bain. Story by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, adapted by John Bowen. LP: David Buck, Ann Bell, John Bryans, John Phillips, Derek Smith, John Moffatt, Aubrey Morris.

**"Carmilla"** (November 12, 1966) Dir: Bill Bain. Story by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, adapted by Stanley Miller. LP: Natasha Payne, Joseph O'Connor, Roy Marsden, Laurel Mether, Sonus Dresdel, Terence Bayler.

**"The Phantom Lover"** (November 19, 1966) Dir: Robert Tronson. Story by Vernon Lee, adapted by George E. Kerr. LP: David Buck, Robert Hardy, Virginia McKenna, Richard Arthur, Anthony Lindford, John Sharp.

## 'SHE' MOVIES

Our final list this issue is for the followers of *Ayasha*, John Lane of London SE22, David Gough of Cardiff, S. Wales, Colin Williams & Mike Bishop of London W10, and Dave Shaw of Glasgow, Scotland, who want to see a checklist of films based on Rider Haggard's *She*.

**Haggard's "She"—The Pillar of Fire** (aka *La Danse du Feu/The Dance of Fire and Le Colonne de Feu/The Column of Fire*, 1898) French Silent. Produced by Georges Melies. Based on idea from the novel "She" by H. Rider Haggard.

**She** (1908), Edison Silent.

**She** (1911) Thanhouser. Silent. Lead Players: James Chase, Marguerite Snow.

**She** (1916). Barker Silent. Dir: Will Barker & H. Leslie Luccock. Screenplay: Nellie E. Luccock. LP: Alice Delysia, Henry Victor, Sidney Black.

**She** (1917). Fox Silent. Dir: Kenean Buel. Scr: Mary Munflo. LP: Valeska Suratt. In this one, the fire finally turns *Ayasha* into an ape.

**She** (1925) Reciprocity Films/Arties. Silent. Dir: Leander de Cordova. Scr: Walter Summers. LP: Betty Bythe, Caryle Blackwell, Marjorie Statler, Henry George.

**She** (1935) RKO. Dir: Irving Pichel & Lansing C. Holden. Scr: Ruth Rose. LP: Helen Gahagan, Randolph Scott, Helen Meek, Nigel Bruce, Gustav von Seyffertitz. The echo in this version takes place in the Himalayas—instead of North Africa.

**Malika Salomi** (1953) Indian Comedy Pictures. Dir: Mohamed Hussain (also screenplay). LP: Rupa Varman, Krishna Kumari, Kamren, Sheikh, Shaif, Nanda, Kemal Mohan. Based on H. Rider Haggard's "She".

**She** (1965) Hammer/7 Arts Colour. Scope. Dir: Robert Day. Scr: David T. Chantler. LP: Ursula Andress, Peter Cushing, Bernard Cribbins, John Richardson, Rosenda Monteros, Christopher Lee, Andre Morell. This version sees the hero become immortal after bating in the fire and having to remain in the lost city.

**The Vengeance of She** (1967). Hammer/7 Arts Colour. Dir: Cliff Owen. Scr: Peter O'Connell. LP: John Richardson, Olinka Berova, Edward Judd, Colin Blakely, Derek Godfrey. Based on characters created by H. Rider Haggard.

# Those Fearless

Feature by Tise Vahitrang

**T**he shadowy world of blood-seeking vampires versus the vampire-slayers and their crude arsenal of evil-destroying implements is a bizarre concoction blended from three basic sources.

Garnered from the areas of literature, folklore, and cinema, they have created an entire mythos of vampiredom and fearless vampire hunters. All three areas have

contributed greatly to the vampire legend, but it is the cinema's portrayal and interpretation of the theme that remains foremost in the mind.

Borrowing heavily from—and somewhat distorting for sake of drama—the world of vampire-related literature, and the folklore that the books were based on, the screenwriters invented a complete new landscape

of vampire fantasy and vampire stalkers. Most of the general rules regarding the vampire mythos actually derive from the imaginations of scriptwriters—who like their pulp-fiction counterparts—created an entire universe to surround movie vampires, their backgrounds, and their opponents. From the basic groundwork laid out in the early days of cinema, most movies have conformed to the laws set down by their celluloid ancestors.

Bram Stoker's immortal novel contained much fuel for the scriptwriter's imagination, but the Hollywood studios of some thirty/forty years ago really set the theme and pace for future vampire movies. Accepting the cinema's world of vampire lore (somewhat like its own Werewolf lore), and all the rules and limitations that go with it, we find that this "universe" is made up of several different components—all of which would be interesting to trace through their various movie iterations. For example, the art of destroying a vampire contains intriguing applications; who first discovered that a stake through the heart, running-water, sunlight, holy-water, the shadow of the cross, the crucifix, etc., etc., could destroy a vampire?

However, it is not this aspect of movie vampire mythology that we are exploring here. It is the second most important character in all vampire films—the vampire hunter.

In all forms of drama the relationship, the play-off between two intelligent adversaries is the most important factor of the story—all other components are merely props for these two characters. Sherlock Holmes has his Moriarty, Fu'Manchu has his Nayland Smith, Superman has Lex Luthor, James Bond has Blofeld—and Dracula has his Van Helsing.

The cinema industry has virtually made the vampire story its own, and the role of the vampire-hunter an art. The vampire hunter's bag of tricks, his arsenal, his methods and his character have been well-defined over countless movies. The vampire character is the central force that the story usually revolves around, yet vampires have always had an adversary of somewhat unique talents who relentlessly pursues his quarry throughout the story. Without this apparently personal feud there really is no story—the surrounding characters, victims, castles, and mid-European forests are merely a chess-board over which the two "specialists" play out their tactics.

The art of vampire-hunting (it's not a profession that can be easily explained to others) is superbly depicted and played-out in Polanski's excellent *Dance of the*

*Below: Samuel Peacock played by Peter Sallis, better-known for his role as Clery in BBC TV's *Last of the Summer Wine*, crouches in terror as he realizes that bullets have no effect on the vampire Dracula. *Twice the Blood of Dracula* (1970). Right: Another of Dracula's adversaries, the Montague (Robert Harris), marked Dracula relentlessly through the 92 minutes of *Dracula* has Rises from the Grave (1968).*





# Vampire Hunters





Two differing versions of Richard Matheson's book, "I Am Legend" have been filmed in recent years. The earlier version (*The Last Man on Earth*, 1964, below) starred Vincent Price as the vampire stalking Neville, the later version (*The Omega Man*, 1971, above) cast Charles Hallahan in the same role.



As well as directing *The Fearless Vampire Killers* (British title: *Dance of the Vampires*), Roman Polanski also co-starred as Alfred, the inept assistant of the vampire-hunting Professor Abraham (Jack McGowan).

*Vampires* (formerly entitled *The Fearless Vampire Killers*). This 1967 picture is a tribute, homage, and spoof on the gothic vampire films and their characters. The storyline of Polanski's film has its roots in Hammer's *Brides of Dracula* and *Kiss of the Vampire*; the characters in his version, however, come across as incredible caricatures of the accepted "Baron Mörse", the "Ravens" family, "Van Helsing", "Shandor", "Professor Zimmer", etc.

*Dance of the Vampires* concerns the attempts of two vampire hunters, Professor Abraham (Jack McGowan) and his assistant Alfred (Roman Polanski), who set out to rescue an innkeeper's beautiful daughter (Suzanne Tati) from the vampire clutches of Count Krolock (Ferdinand Mayne). Our two heroes are welcomed at Krolock's castle but have, in effect, walked into his web. The vampire devices are all very much in evidence, but displayed in a rather unique fashion. One of the most impressive scenes is during a ball at the



Another Hammer vampire killer, *Professor Zimmer* (Clifford Evans) actually used black magic to combat a coven of vampires led by Doctor Raven (Nigel Williams) in *Kiss of the Vampire* (1964).

castle—made up largely of statues from the local graveyard—in which a large ballroom mirror reflects only the images of our three outsiders, yet all around them the "guests" fill the place out. There is also a very funny variation of an established theme where a smiling Jewish member of the undead approaches a crucifix-brandishing girl and gleefully admits, "You've got the wrong vampire!"

Polanski's film—next to *Capitaine Kronos*, possibly, which really goes off into a vampire-tinged world of its own—brings out and makes obvious the absurd paraphernalia of movie vampire-hunting and destroying.

Dr. Abraham Van Helsing must be the original vampire-hunter, for he is part of the Bram Stoker package from which the general theme is derived. Van Helsing, unlike his counterparts, is aware that he really has only one enemy to destroy—Count Dracula. In the Doctor's book, the final destruction of Dracula means the end of vampirism in the world—and it is

toward this end that Van Helsing battles.

He has his own set of strict rules and regulations to which he adheres, demanding also that his confused assistants and companions perform likewise. Van Helsing's arsenal is quite varied and bizarre—but then, his quarry and the world it belongs to is also quite bizarre. Van Helsing is, in effect, a sane man struggling along in a crazy world (not unlike the situation created for Neville in Richard Matheson's novel, *I Am Legend*—but more on that later).

The whole Van Helsing-Vampire syndrome is, in itself, a curious one. Here we have a man of science, medicine and intellectual logic who not only accepts the premise of blood-sucking, undead creatures but actually devotes his life to financially pursuing and destroying them, using weapons and methods that come closer to religious beliefs than sciences. It is basically the old "voodoo-doll" story again—you have to believe in it before you can respond to it! Precepts are really the most logical adversaries of vampires because both already conform to the same rules. Science, even Victorian science, does not enter into it—or rather, it shouldn't.

The two most memorable Van Helsing in the history of cinema must be Edward Van Sloan's portrayal for Universal during the 1930s and Peter Cushing's interpretation under the Hammer sign. The same character but two entirely different characterizations; Van Sloan, appearing in *Dracula* (1931) and *Dracula's Daughter* (1936), played a sedate, advice-giving, thinking Van Helsing, while Cushing played the character as an immensely active, wholly energetic, action-packed Van Helsing. Edward Van Sloan may come closer to Stoker's original concept of the elderly Dutch doctor but, by way of comparison, one couldn't really imagine Van



A vampire meets a prey and in *El Gran Amor del Conde Dracula* (1972) which featured European master of the macabre Paul Naschy as Count Dracula.



The night of the living dead: Neville (Vincent Price) attempts to keep his vampire enemies at bay with a veritable arsenal of garlic nailed to his front door in *The Last Man on Earth* (1964).

Sloan tearing around Castle Dracula, leaping onto and running along dining-tables, and hurling himself onto the drape to let the sunlight in at the climax of *Horror of Dracula*.

Tod Browning's *Dracula*, unfortunately, doesn't allow Van Sloan's Dr. Van Helsing much activity, mainly due to the heavy-weight stage-to-screen production. Most of the interesting and exciting parts are merely referred to in passages of dialogue—the players are left to discuss word events that supposedly take place off screen.

In this early version, the Van Helsing character acts as if he were simply trying to get a confession out of *Dracula* by trapping him with small mirrors and crucifixes in the drawing-room. It is only at the end, the Carfax Abbey sequences, that he physically sets about destroying the vampire—and then it all happens when the camera discreetly moves away to allow an off-screen groan from the Count.

Universal followed up *Dracula* some

five years later with *Dracula's Daughter*, with the main adversary this time being the title character, Countess Marya Zelenka (Gloria Holden). The beginning of the picture is the only interesting part, with the Count's daughter burning her father's body in quite an atmospheric sequence, and the (logical) arrest of Van Helsing after his performance at Carfax Abbey. Excepting the Zerkoff-like presence of Irving Pichel's Sander character, the rest of the film gets bogged down in a silly love-triangle melodrama. Van Helsing, once again, is more involved in the advice-giving than action department.

Peter Cushing's role of Van Helsing is by far the most exciting interpretation. Terry Fisher's *Dracula* lays out his role of the vampire-buster and backs up the character by showing that Van Helsing is more or less alone in his beliefs and pursuits. The film tells us that Van Helsing has made a thorough study of the "disease" and has developed ways of handling it. The only problem is that the subject he's



*Above: Paul (Christopher Matthews), though far from being a professional vampire-slayer, was Dracula's main adversary in the 1970 film **Scars of Dracula**. Below: Captain Kromer (David Chiang) leads all his fighting prowess to defend himself against the enraged villagers, who believed him to be at the heart of the vampire epidemic in **Klassen** (1973).*

dealing with, and the methods he is forced to employ, are so crude and unacceptable to the civilized world that he is often at logger heads with the people he depends on most for assistance.

One need only think back to the sequence in **Horror of Dracula** where Van Helsing has to ask for Michael Gough's help in "suing" Gough's vampiric sister. Once Van Helsing has made clear his theory of vampires and what must be done by way of a stake through the heart, Gough tears off in an outraged passage of disbelief, paranoia, guilt, and self-sacrifice.

Cushing's Van Helsing is a man who is frustrated in his every move to convince people that there is this dark world of vampires, and there exist only certain effective ways of dealing with them. **Brides of Dracula** sees him involved in performing his tasks with the minimum of explanation—obviously, by that time he's somewhat lost interest in trying to ally others to his cause. He almost regards the people that he's helping to protect as sheep. His is a one-man war.

The modern-day Hammer **Dracula** vehicles (**Dracula AD 1972** and **Satanic Rites of Dracula**) unfortunately mis-use the Van Helsing character (despite being a descendant) so the point where he is just another "hero" figure—for that matter, it could be any police-chief or routine leading-man. Whatever magic the Cushing Van Helsing character contained during his **Dracula Brides of Dracula** days is now quite out-of-context.

In Hammer's **Legend of the 7 Golden Vampires**, despite the 1904 setting, the glory that should have been Van Helsing's actually went to David Chiang and the other Martial Arts performers. On reflection, this picture could have done without the presence of Van Helsing—a sad farewell to the character who once took on similar creatures single-handedly, and with as much energy.





*Peter Cushing—Vampire-Phobia: Above: General Spielhof was the father of one of Carmilla Karnstein's victims in *The Vampire Lovers* (1970) shortly earning the privilege of finally ending Carmilla's reign of terror. Below: Cushing as perhaps the most famous vampire-killer of all, Dr. Lawrence Van Helsing, in Hammer's *Brides of Dracula* (1960).*

Two other notable, though less flamboyant, Van Helings turn up in Jess Franco's *El Conde Dracula* (with Herbert Lom playing it closer to Van Helsing than Cushing) and Dan Curtis' *Bram Stoker's Dracula* (with Nigel Davenport marched against Jack Palance's vampire Count). While Peter Cushing was given almost free-rein with his interpretation, both Lom and Davenport were confined within the characterisation set out in Stoker's novel.

In 1933 there seemed to be some hope in getting another Van Helsing-like vampire-hunter off the ground with *Captain Kronos* but any follow-up series has yet to appear. Set in the early 19th century, dashing young Kronos (Horst Janson) and his vampire-stalking partner, Professor Groat (John Catter), supposedly travel the land on the look-out for vampire deeds. These two are presumably specialists in their unique field, and carry with them a most unusual armoury of weapons and methods. At one point in the story they are in the painful position of having to kill an old friend because he has fallen victim to a vampire—they make several grisly, but unsuccessful, attempts to kill

him before accidentally impaling the victim on a stake-sized crucifix. Where Kronos and his associates fail is in the action department; their operations are all deeply prepared and methodical—they lack the sudden sprits of activity that made Peter Cushing/Van Helsing's heroic days much more exciting.

*Kiss of the Vampire*, from Hammer in '64, presented Professor Zimmer (Clifford Evans) as a sort of Van Helsing-type vampire-killer. Zimmer only stalks in and out of the film for most of the story, but at the end he conjures up a swarm of vampire-bats and directs them to attack the principal coterie of vampires at a remote chateau.

Mercutio/Carmilla Karnstein also faced two wrong adversaries, in the form of Douglas Wilmer's Baron Harzog (*The Vampire Lovers*) and Peter Cushing's Gustav Weir (*Twins of Evil*). *The Vampire Lovers* (1970) actually featured two vampire-burners—Baron Harzog was the main opponent throughout the film, but it took General Spielhof (Cushing again) to complete the destruction of the female vampire (Ingrid Pitt). The character of Gustav Weir in *Twins of Evil* (1971) is even more irregular than the others. This witch and vampire hunter being related more closely to Matthew Hopkins (*Witchfinder General*) than to a Van Helsing.

Prents are the real and obvious adversaries of the vampire hordes—their knowledge of the "enemy", and their dedication to good-over-evil makes them prime opponents. However, not all prents are brave and adventurous, and some are even weak enough to come under the spell of evil (as seen in *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*). Andrew Keir's Father Sander (pronounced Shandor), in *Dracula: Prince of Darkness* (1956), finds himself in a similar position to Professor Zimmer—protecting naive travellers from vampires, this time Count Dracula himself. From the outset, Sander takes charge and knows exactly what to do, although his actions (as a member of the religious order) are somewhat unorthodox. Rupert Davies' Montague continues the battle against Dracula, though much more restrained, in *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* (1968). He not only has the welfare of the local people to worry about but also a local cleric who has become Dracula's slave. From these two principal men of the Church, it is Father Sander who emerges most capable of handling a bizarre situation. When dealing with the Count himself, Sander comes closest to the Van Helsing style.

Crossing over to the Western genre, Eric Fleming's preacher has a showdown with a vampire gunfighter in *Curse of the Undead* (1959). The gunfighter, Drake Robey (Michael Pate), appears successful in his many shootouts because regular bullets cannot harm him—he is Don Drago Robles, a 100-year-old vampire



The preacher finally gets wise to this and dispatches Robles by shooting him with a bullet upped with a splinter from the Cross of Christ.

Science-fiction offered a couple of irregular vampire killers, most notably in *The Thing From Another World* (1951). Here the quarry (the Thing) happens to be a blood-thirsting alien. The setting is a remote Arctic base-camp, and the role of the "vampire-hunters" is taken by a small group of American Air Force men. The alien-vampire is, after many close encounters, finally destroyed by high-powered electrification.

Richard Matheson's highly-unimpressive novel, *I Am Legend*, has inspired no less than two movie adaptations: *The Last Man On Earth* (1964) and *The Omega Man* (1971).

Here, at least in his original novel, Matheson proved once more why he is such a respected writer. He took the vampire-hunting theme and twisted it totally inside out. The world (through a gross epidemic) becomes populated by day sleeping, night stalking "vampires", and Neville (Vincent Price in the 1964 movie, Charlton Heston in the later version) as the supposed hero, their hunter.

But the hero/villain position is totally reversed. In a world completely filled with vampires, the man who tracks them to their lairs only to stake/blunt/kill them while they sleep must surely be the villain. As invariably happens, this ironic twist was lost in the transition to the screen, with the latter version involving itself more with ecological questions than either Matheson's concept or the straight vampire-hunting of the former.

Memorable vampire stories on the



Count Dracula's gross faced nemesis, Father Sandomir (played by Andrew Keir in *Dracula—Prince of Darkness*, 1966) applies himself to the grisly task of vampire-slaying.

small-screen are quite rare, making the tv vampire hunter an even rarer character. Of course, there have been various adaptations of Stoker's *Dracula* ('70-'73, and '77, in just the last ten years), but these contain a controlled, almost stagey, Van Helsing character. On the other hand Rod Ser-

ling's *Night Gallery* (1970-72) brought forth a few vampire segments—but these were mostly comic variations.

However, there is one great exception in small-screen vampire hunters—and that emerged in the form of news-bound Carl Kolchak in the 1972 made-for-tv movie, *The Night Stalker*.

Kolchak (Darren McGavin) is convinced that contemporary Las Vegas is the hunting ground for a modern-day vampire. Needless to say, the authorities don't accept any part of Kolchak's theory—right down the line to when Kolchak himself discovers the vampire (Barry Atwater) and destroys it. Thus tv film scored the highest-ever viewing ratings at that time—and this success, along with McGavin's own interest in the show, became the starting-point for a spin-off series, *Kolchak: The Night Stalker* (1974-75).

McGavin's Carl Kolchak (now based in Chicago) stalked every kind of monster during the short-lived series, but only one segment directly dealt with vampires. *The Vampire* episode featured a girl who was one of the victims in *The Night Stalker* setting, and who now returned from the dead as a female vampire. Though Kolchak himself was far from "fearless", the character and his modern-day landscape interwoven with mythological creatures made an unusual and exciting blend. To date Kolchak is probably the last great "vampire hunter".



Those fearless vampire-killers, Alfred (Roman Polanski) and Professor Abronsha (Jack McGraw) appear to be absolutely petrified in *Dance of the Vampires* (1967).

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# VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES



LIEUTENANT COLONEL DORIAN DUCKWORTH WAS A SPORTSMAN. ONE OF THAT RARE BREED WHO'S DELIGHT IN DEATH FOR ITS OWN SAKE. ANYTHING THAT FLIES, SWIMS, CRAWLS, CREEPS OR JUST **BREATHES** WAS FAIR GAME... UNTIL ONE FATEFUL DAY THE COLONEL TOOK A STEP OVER THE EDGE, AND LET LOOSE...

## The HOUNDS of HELL



BACK, DOWNED  
BACK DAY, BITTER  
GODD BODS!  
BACK, DAMN YOU!



HOW'S THAT  
FOR A MARE?  
NEARLY RIPPED  
THE COAT OFF  
IN TWO! MARE,  
HAW!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING FOUND DUCKWORTH AT HIS NEXT SCENE OF DESTRUCTION...



WHAT'S THIS  
COLONEL? NOT  
RIDING TODAY?

GOT A TOUCH OF  
BLASTED COIT...  
NEVER MIND, I'VE  
FOLLOW ON IN THE  
OLD BUS! WON'T  
MISS ANYTHING.

SPDY,  
THE HUNT  
WAS IN FULL CAY...  
THE BAYING OF  
HOUNDS WAS MUSIC  
TO DUCKWORTH'S  
EARS...

HELLO...  
SOUND LIKE  
THEY'RE ONTO  
SOMETHING BY JOVE, I WISH  
I WAS DOWN  
THERE WITH  
'EM!

DUCKWORTH FOLLOWED THE HUNT IN THEIR  
HEADLONG PURSUIT OVER HEDGES AND  
FIELDS... UNTIL...



HOLD ON!

WAAAAA!

Script: Steve Parkhouse

Artwork: Patrick Wright





DUCKWORTH ARRIVED ON THE SCENE...



IN HIS FURY, DUCKWORTH STRUCK OUT WITH HIS GUN BUTT...



BEFORE THE SHOCKED HUNTSMEN COULD MOVE...





*The End*

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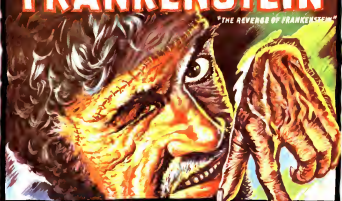
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